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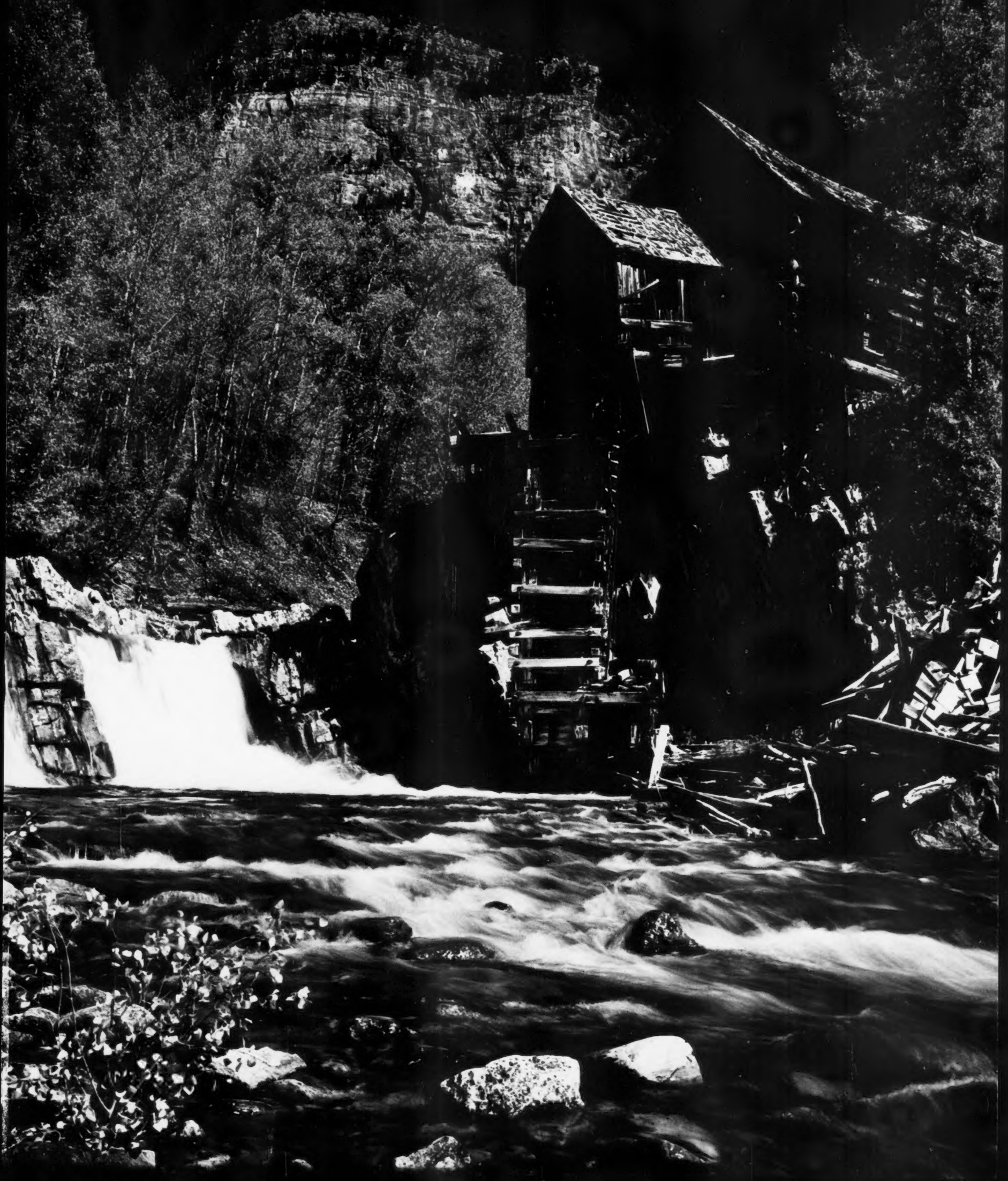

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COVER: Remnant of the past, this abandoned mine mill in the mountains of Colorado has outlived most of the mining endeavors of the last hundred years. For a look at one mine that has not only survived the years but prospers today, see T. H. Watkins' article on page 24.

(Photograph by David Muench)

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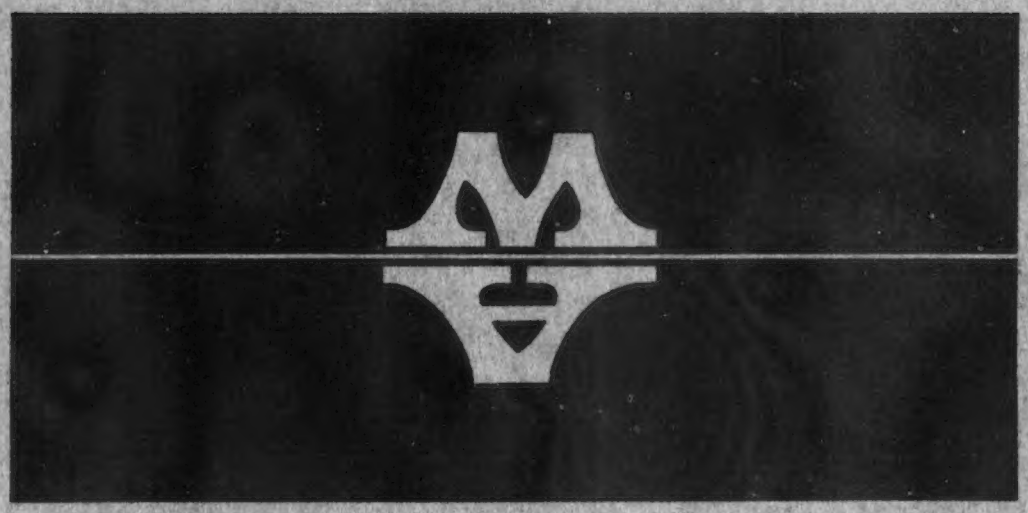

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(Photograph by Gene M. Christman)

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"COIN" HARVEY

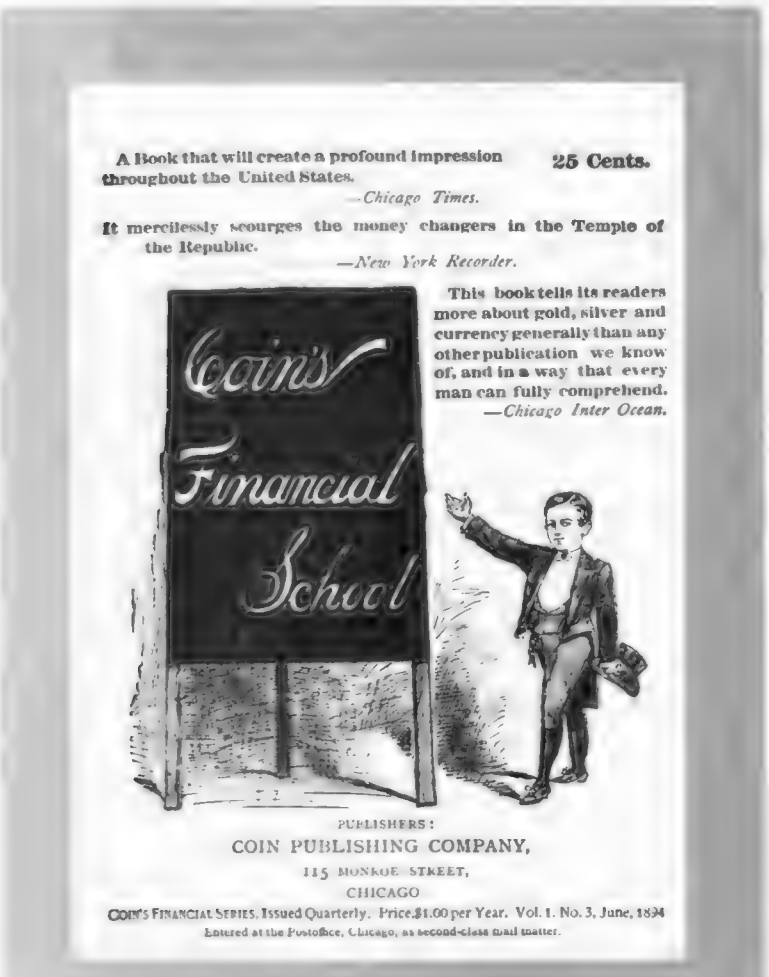
The Free Silver Movement's Frustrated Promoter

William Hope Harvey appeared to be anything but a potential spellbinder when he stepped into a leading role in the political drama of the 1896 presidential campaign. A lawyer-promoter-publicist, he was forty-three years old and looked somewhat younger. He was slight of stature, weighing only a little more than a hundred pounds. His dark hair, close-clipped, was brushed down smoothly. His features were fine, almost delicate, which made his mustache, the massive type prevalent at the time, appear rather ridiculous. Quiet by nature, he was mannerly, polished — "a gentleman." Yet his clear blue eyes reflected an intensity that fascinated those who listened while he talked.

It was with the written word, however, that he excelled. With one little twenty-five-cent, paperbound book, he did perhaps more than any other man to whip the people of the nation into a frenzy, making converts whom the late William Allen White described as having "a fanaticism like the Crusades," and "something of the same mad faith that inspired the martyrs going to the stake."

The nation was in the throes of change in the 1890s. Although the frontier had been conquered, transition was fraught with problems of readjustment. With the clearing of the wilderness, invention of farm machinery, and the building of railroads, American farmers were moving from subsistence to commercial agriculture, but they were discovering they had a long, hard row to hoe. Production quickly outpaced the development of profitable markets. Furthermore, the new railroads, with their discriminatory freight rates, were soaking up the agricultural profits. Rural discontent, especially in the South, the Midwest, and on the Plains, was causing the people to band together — in Granges, Farmers' Alliances, finally in the Populist Party — to express their grievances and effect changes in the political and economic situation. Yet tight money prevailed, solutions were thwarted, and popular attitudes hardened. Revolt was in the air.

On the industrial front, the workers were discontented with the distribution of the fruits of the burgeoning industries and businesses, as were members of the developing middle class. The robber barons of finance were reaping fabulous fortunes through unrestricted speculation in Wall Street, unbridled subsidization of the railroads, ruthless exploitation of coal and iron mines, monopolization of oil, and the slashing of the forests. The workers, meanwhile, were struggling for food, clothing, and any kind of shelter, while the rising middle class was finding it harder to make ends meet. Consequently, workers were striking, industrialists were strikebreaking, and the authorities in some instances were using troops to restore order. But order was not enough. The economy was being brought to its knees, and in the Panic of 1893, it collapsed.


A Book that will create a profound impression throughout the United States. 25 Cents.
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This book tells its readers more about gold, silver and currency generally than any other publication we know of, and in a way that every man can fully comprehend.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.
Coin's Financial School
PUBLISHERS:
COIN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
115 MONROE STREET,
CHICAGO
COIN'S FINANCIAL SERIES. Issued Quarterly. Price $1.00 per Year. Vol. 1. No. 3, June, 1894
Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, as second-class mail matter.

The title page of Harvey's book, a sellout during the days of the free silver movement.

by Oren Stephens

William Hope Harvey, creator of the character "Coin" and owner of a publishing company.

It was the panic that vaulted Harvey into the national spotlight, just as it was the return of prosperity that pushed him back into oblivion. Although he was a candidate for president of the United States as recently as 1932, William Hope Harvey is virtually unknown to present-day Americans. Those who remember him at all remember him as "Coin" Harvey. And while he wrote many books, it is only the first one, *Coin's Financial School* (1894), that has become a collector's item. In its beginning paragraphs, he set the stage for the drama of the nineties in terminology surprisingly akin to current financial reporting:

"So much uncertainty prevailing about the many facts connected with the monetary question, very few are able to intelligently understand the subject.

"Hard times are with us; the country is distracted; very few things are marketable at a price above the cost of production; tens of thousands are out of employment; the jails, penitentiaries, workhouses, and insane asylums are full; the gold reserve at Washington is sinking; the government is running at a loss with a deficit in every department; a huge debt hangs like an appalling cloud over the country; taxes have assumed the importance of a mortgage, and 50 percent of the public revenues are likely to go delinquent; hungered and half-starved men are banding into armies and marching toward Washington; the cry of distress is heard on every hand; business is paralyzed; commerce is at a standstill; riots and strikes prevail throughout the land; schemes to remedy our ills when put into action are smashed like boxcars in a railroad wreck, and Wall Street looks in vain for an excuse to account for the failure of prosperity to return since the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act."

That last phrase, "the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act," was his theme. Panics produce countless theorists advocating innumerable panaceas, most of which almost inevitably contemplate some miraculous transformation of the nature or function of money. Out of the West, as the panic spread, Harvey came marching at the head of the mob crying for the free coinage of silver in government mints. It was a theory certain to have a tremendous appeal during the tight-money depression, and when *Coin's Financial School* was published, printing houses worked around the clock to supply the demand for more than 1,500,000 copies — an unprecedented sale at the time. Moreover, each copy became a one-volume circulating library and was withdrawn from circulation only when the cheap pulp paper disintegrated from excessive handling. Millions who read it became not only converts but missionaries as well, and it changed the doctrine of free silver from an academic theory into something resembling a patented household remedy.

IN THE BOOK a boy named Coin was presented as a financial prodigy who, in a school of finance conducted in Chicago, verbally whipped into submission the most prominent financiers of the nation — the sound-money advocates — by his faultless logic in support of free coinage of silver. To his fictitious school there came as humble pupils such powerful financial figures as Lyman J. Gage, prominent banker and later secretary of the treasury; Philip D. Armour, the packing king; Marshall Field of mercantile fame; Franklin MacVeagh, also later secretary of the treasury; Joseph Medill, editor of the *Chicago Tribune;* and many others equally well known.

Embarrassed when the book was published, these men felt impelled to issue public denials that they had attended such

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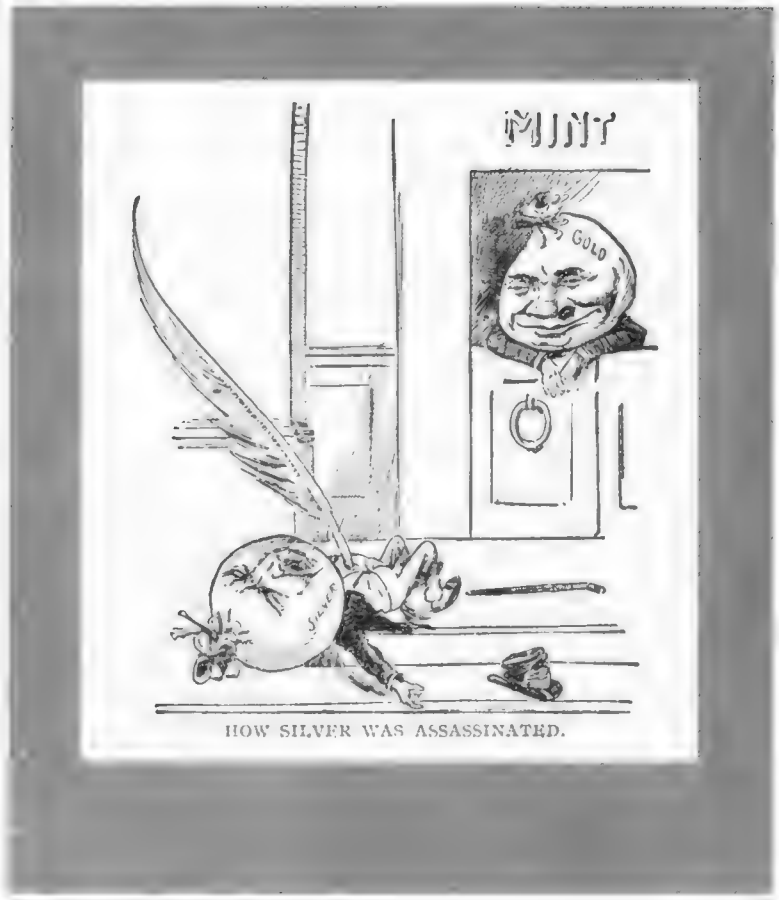
ALL CARTOONS FROM "COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL"

THEY WALKED ARM IN ARM INTO THE UNITED STATES MINT.

THE CRIME OF 1873.



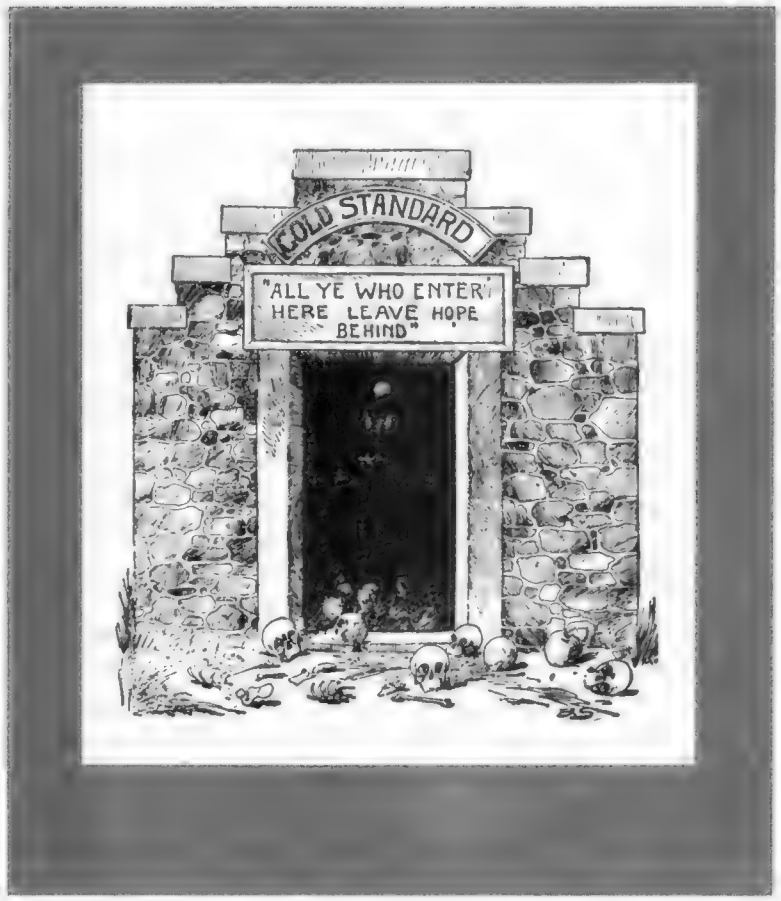
HOW SILVER WAS ASSASSINATED.

a school. Some of these denials were included in *Coin at School in Finance*, a book published by a Fort Dodge, Iowa, newspaper publisher, which repudiated Harvey's *School*. (The publisher was later rewarded for his efforts with a federal job in the McKinley administration.) But the financiers learned to their chagrin that their denials merely increased public interest in Harvey's *School*. They had fallen into the trap he had set by using their names.

"It is safe to say," William Jennings Bryan pointed out in discussing the campaign of 1896, "that no book in recent times has produced so great an effect in the treatment of an economic question." Even the highly respected *Review of Reviews* had this to say in August 1896: "About two years ago there appeared in Chicago a little book entitled *Coin's Financial School*. Its author was a certain Mr. Harvey, at that time unknown to fame. Mr. Harvey's fame, however, is now secure enough. As a man of letters he may not be enshrined in the American pantheon, and as a monetary scientist and publicist his reputation may prove only ephemeral. But as a disturber of old parties, a pathfinder where political issues were mixed and hazy, an agitator with a genius for exposition so great as to sway public opinion from the Alleghenies to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, Mr. Harvey has made it certain and inevitable that his name must be forever connected with one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of the country. Several important things, doubtless, had conspired to bring about a revolution in the leadership and spirit of the Democratic party; but it may well be claimed that as a precipitant and a crystallizing reagent, nothing else was half so effective as the entry of Mr. Harvey with his little yellow-covered book."

The *School* was followed by a novel, *A Tale of Two Nations*, which sold five hundred thousand copies. In it a "silken thread of romance," as Harvey described the love story, gently led the reader into the message, which was that the international banking octopus had the United States by the throat and was choking the nation into economic vassalage. Another avenue Harvey followed for publicizing the free silver doctrine utilized rhymes and jingles, which set the people to chuckling and which have a humorous appeal even now. In addition, there were many lectures and the much-publicized debates with Professor J. Lawrence Laughlin of the University of Chicago, and Roswell G. Horr, New York lecturer and writer on money who was employed by the financiers to "put Harvey in his place."

An ambitious young West Virginia lawyer who also had been many things from country schoolteacher to partner in a wholesale concern, Harvey — at thirty-two — had gone to Colorado on a client's case. When the silver boom came, he recovered a considerable fortune through mining and real estate speculation. Along with the fortune, he acquired an unalterable belief that gold was the root of all evil, a conviction which found water for growth in the cesspool of international banking; that gold and silver should stand side by side in complete equality as money; and that until they did, the nation would continue to suffer panics such as the one he



believed to be approaching. Further, he became convinced that as an intelligent man who could see through the wickedness of the high and mighty, it was his duty to give the common people this knowledge as a weapon with which to combat the evil.

It was this conviction that sent him to Chicago in 1893 to begin the campaign of propaganda that helped so much to secure the nomination of Bryan by the Democrats, Populists, and National Silverites. But while there was much fervor for Bryan, campaign funds were scant. In a meeting of the campaign finance committee, of which Harvey was a member, Senator James K. Jones of Arkansas, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, urged that corporations be solicited for substantial contributions.

"No!" Harvey protested vehemently. "You cannot have a people's president as long as his campaign is financed by the enemies of the people."

The Republicans, rising above the Harvey principle, spent lavishly under the guidance of campaign manager Mark Hanna to elect William McKinley as president, the popular vote being 7,105,000 for McKinley and 6,503,000 for Bryan.

In 1898, Harvey pleaded with the platform committee to include a free silver plank in the Democratic platform. Thinking the issue dead (although it found its way back into the platform in 1900), the committeemen would not heed, and Harvey cried out in despair:

"Under the present financial system, the time will come when millions of people will be suffering, and if they then know what you have just told me, they will curse the memory of your committee." (Thirty-four years later, when he was running for president, he told the people about this, but the millions were suffering too much to heed or even to hear.)

DISILLUSIONED, Harvey dropped into oblivion to keep company with his theories. The century had turned, and with it came a return of prosperity. His public political activities had made him richer through the wide sale of his books, but he grieved because he thought he had somehow failed the people, who were beguiled by current but transitory prosperity. His frail health suffered as a result, and he started toward the Southwest on a vacation. He stopped for a few days at Rogers, Arkansas, attracted by the beauty of the Ozarks, which reminded him of the mountains in West Virginia. Walking through the hills, he found, about six miles east of Rogers, a secluded little valley. Precipitous green hills surrounded it, and through its center flowed a clear, cold mountain stream. He bought the valley and built a house in it.

But he could not stand inactivity. The valley, which he had named Monte Ne, should be enjoyed by others as much as he enjoyed it, he thought. Accordingly, he poured much of his fortune into the building of a resort. The mountain stream was dammed and diverted through a network of canals, to which landscape artists gave the appearance of age. Monte Ne guests, arriving on a branch railroad that he built for their exclusive use, stepped from a rustic log station into Venetian

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gondolas and were poled through the picturesque canals by singing gondoliers to the huge log hotels.

Largely because of its inaccessibility, the resort did not prosper. Although automobiles were developing, they could not be used on the mountain trails. Accordingly, he set out to promote a network of modern roads to be known as Ozark Trails. And while this venture cost him most of the balance of his fortune, he lived to see the region interlaced with six thousand miles of fine highways. Ozark Trails extended eventually from St. Louis to Roswell, New Mexico. The name became familiar to travelers because, while there were then no highway markers, the name was painted on barns, fences, flat rocks, and trees. Either because of insufficient space or paint, the name was shortened to O. T., and years later these letters, dim but still legible, could occasionally be seen along modern paved highways in the Ozarks.

However, good highways and a private railroad failed to bring guests to Monte Ne in paying numbers. A few notables came. Bryan, who was to become a real estate promoter himself during the Florida boom, came once and praised the resort highly. But too often the large hotels were empty, and Harvey's fortune was flowing away as rapidly as the stream, whose inappropriate but flamboyant gondolas carried too few passengers. Hotels then under construction were abandoned, and in a few years they resembled ancient, haunted ruins.

It was now 1913. In Washington, President Wilson's cabinet was holding its first meeting. Bryan, after three unsuccessful campaigns for president, had been appointed secretary of state. And even as the cabinet met for the first time, he was worrying about Harvey's difficulties. Always anxious to get federal jobs for his friends, he scribbled a note to David Franklin Houston, the new secretary of agriculture. Could the secretary, he wrote, find a place in his department for Coin Harvey? Secretary Houston shook his head.

In 1915, Harvey published *The Remedy,* which outlined his plan for revamping the nation's economic structure. But it was the same old story: no one heeded. Since none would heed, civilization surely was doomed, he reasoned. From the ruins of the present civilization, however, a new one would arise in some distant age. Would this new civilization make

the same mistakes? Not if Coin Harvey could help it. If the present civilization stubbornly refused to be saved, he would help that distant civilization.

He announced his new plan in *Common Sense,* published in 1920. He would build the Great American Pyramid. In it would be stored a record of the present civilization, together with copies of Harvey's book to explain to future archaeologists why it had failed. When he had spent the last $40,000 of his fortune on the pyramid's foundation, he appealed for funds from his followers in 1924 in *Paul's School of Statesmanship.* But they didn't respond, and Harvey was flat broke.

ALTHOUGH OLD and growing feeble, Harvey had not yet had his last say. With the approach of the crash of 1929, he wrote *The Book*—perhaps he had run out of titles or believed this to be the book to end all books—and published it in 1930. The people had again become receptive to schemes, theories, panaceas. *The Book* had an audience, not a great one but one nevertheless sufficiently large to execute his proposal for organization of a new political party. On August 26, 1931, delegates from many states convened at Monte Ne and organized the Liberal party. Harvey wrote the platform.

Usury was to be abolished. Silver was to be coined free. There was to be a five-year moratorium on all interest-bearing debts, mortgages, and bonds, while the people decided what to do about them. Why the people? Because all major legislation was to be by referendum. Wars were not to be declared — a proposal to be considered seriously a few years later — without a majority vote of the people.

Although then eighty years old, Harvey was nominated for president. And when the ballots were counted in 1932, Harvey was credited with 53,425. Washington state gave him 30,308 votes, largely because Frank B. Hemenway, of Tacoma, was the party's candidate for vice-president. California gave him nearly 10,000, and the balance came in dribbles from the Rocky Mountain region, which produces, among other things, silver.

When this writer talked with Harvey last in the winter of 1935, he had become reconciled to his failure but had altered none of his convictions.

"Yes," he said, "this civilization will die. It has too many faults to survive. Anyway" — he smiled when he said it — "you can't prove I'm wrong. After all, I set no definite date for civilization's death. It won't happen while I'm here, and perhaps not while you are."

He and his wife were destitute that winter. Friends provided them with food and fuel and the services of a physician. Finally, on February 11, 1936, he died peacefully. Poor farmers from the hills around Monte Ne, who had admired the little man who worked so long and hard to help their kind, worked in relays in zero weather to break open and enlarge a concrete mausoleum he had built years before to receive the body of a beloved son killed in an accident. Into the mausoleum the farmers placed the plain, cheap casket, encased in a rough pine box, which contained the body of William Hope Harvey.

A brutal assault is made by a ruffian upon "Prosperity," a beautiful woman, in the sight of a prisoner, who trys to break his chains that he may go to her rescue.

His fabulous pyramid, incomplete, stood for another thirty years as a monument to him. Over the ruins of the foundation, daughters of the wealthy (from nearby Camp Joyzelle, an exclusive summer camp with cabins named for Greek goddesses) played at games and doubtless worried not at all about the fate of civilization.

The U. S. Army lately added an epilogue by building Beaver Dam across White River. The resulting Beaver Lake now inundates much of the valley of Monte Ne, forcing the removal of the Harvey mausoleum to higher ground and burying the pyramid in the bottom of the lake, where future civilizations may overlook the history of the decline and fall of this one.

Oren Stephens *was formerly with the Department of State in Europe. Prior to that position, the late Mr. Stephens served as the West Coast editor of* Newsweek.

XUM

IMAGINARY GEOGRAPHY

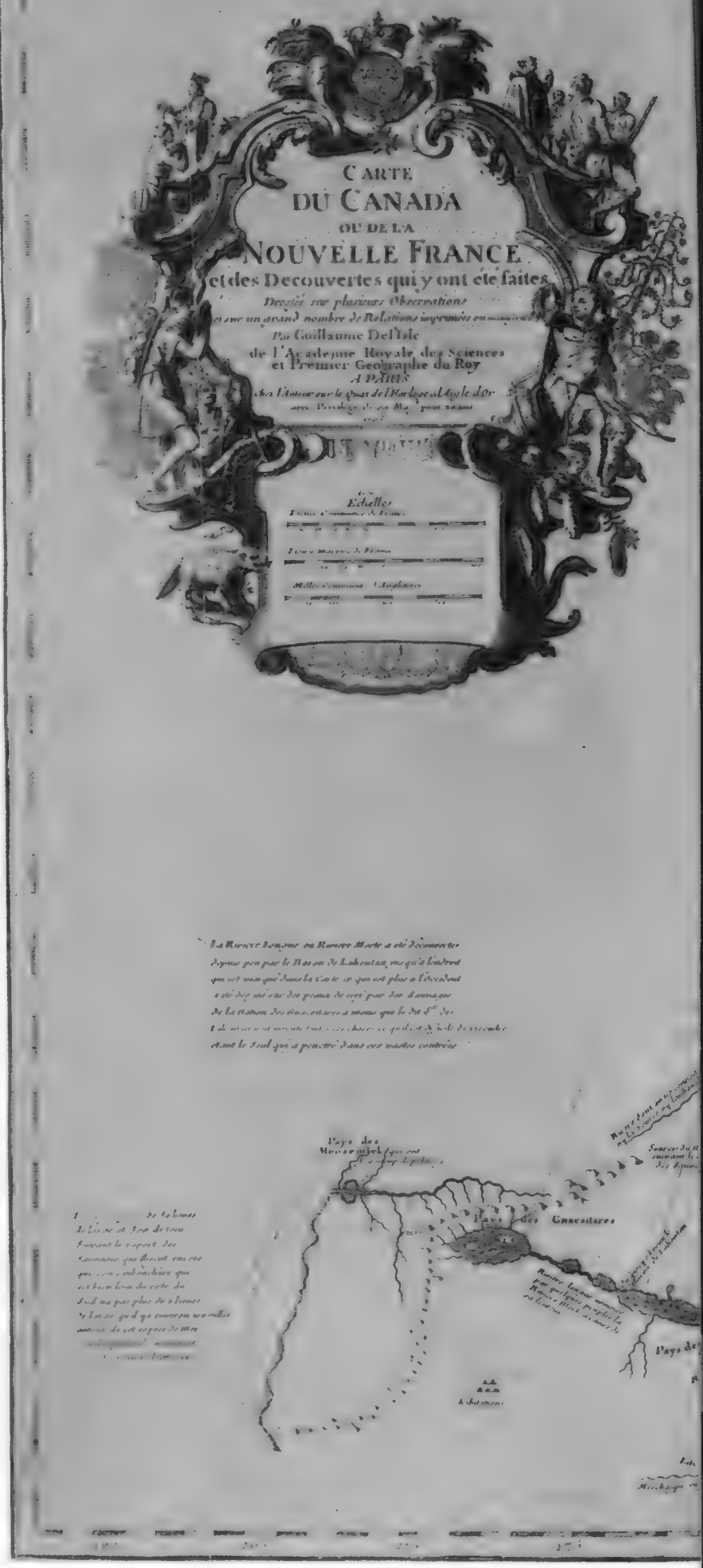
A rare map of another Great Salt Lake: Dated 1703

by William M. Wiecek

IN THE FIRST two centuries of mapping the North American continent, many bits of "imaginary geography"—nonexistent, often fabulous places—found their way onto maps. Sometimes these non-places did have a basis in reality. Such was the "*lac d'eau salee*"—the Great Salt Lake—of the traveler-storyteller Baron Lahontan and his contemporary, William Delisle.

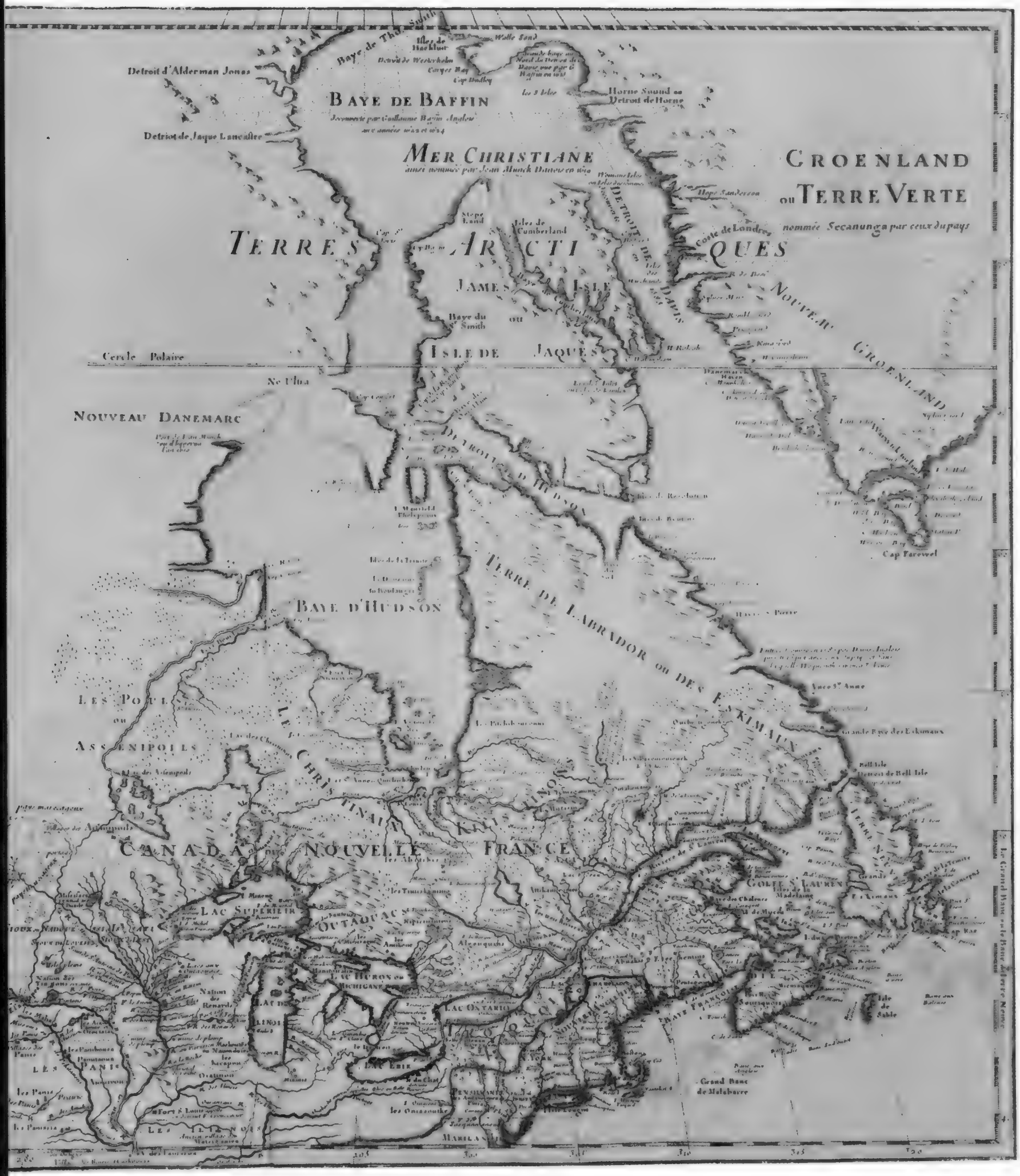
A fantastic welter of fable, conjecture, and third-hand reportage was the heritage of Delisle, the greatest of early eighteenth-century French cartographers. Born in 1675, son of the eminent historian and geographer Claude Delisle and brother of the astronomer Joseph Nicolas Delisle, William was something of a prodigy, drawing maps to illustrate ancient history at the age of nine. By the time he was twenty-four, he had completed a "globe"—maps of the entire world—which was published the next year (1700). For the remaining twenty-six years of his life, he labored industriously to produce maps and atlases of all parts of the world.

As a student of Jean Dominique Cassini, Delisle found his naturally skeptical bent encouraged by his teacher's critical skepticism and emphasis on scientific methods. The result was that Delisle, in the words of Lloyd A. Brown, "with almost no practical experience behind him, undertook a complete reform of a system of geography that had been in force since the second century, and by the time he was twenty-five he had very nearly accomplished his purpose." Recognition there-



West of the Lake of Illinois lies the Great Salt Lake (far left on map), formed by rivers that flow through the land of the Moozemleks — a "very polite" Indian tribe, according to this 1703 map by Delisle.

WILLIAM L. CLEMENTS LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



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after came speedily to Delisle. In 1702 he was elected to the Academie Royale des Sciences and in 1718 became "Premier Geographe du Roi," a title created specially to honor him.

Thus Delisle was neither credulous nor unscientific in his attitudes when he set about, among other things, mapping the New World. Among his earliest extant productions are maps of the North and South American continents, drawn within a few years after 1700. His first map of North America, dated 1700, reflected Delisle's scientific caution. Although it had a midcontinental Quivira, it conspicuously omitted other fabulous places like Cíbola and ignored the mythical lakes. For all the area north of what seems to be the Missouri River and west of some short western tributaries of the Mississippi, Delisle left his 1700 map discreetly blank. The exceptional quality of this map earned the praise of Paullin and Wright, who noted that it "marks an epoch in the history of American cartography," that it "long served as a mother map," and that it was at once both correct and yet more innovative than previous maps of the continent.

In 1703, a book appeared that was to corrupt Delisle and bedevil American cartography for nearly a century: Baron Lahontan published his *Nouveaux Voyages.* At the age of twenty-two, this anglophilic French noble traveled to Canada, and appears to have proceeded as far as the Straits of Mackinac. The rest of his trip westward was wholly imaginary, though that did not prevent him from spinning a marvelous tale about it, replete with detailed descriptions of nonexistent Indian tribes. While guests of one fanciful tribe, the Gnacsitares, Lahontan and his party had the opportunity to question four members of another, the Mozeemleks, who obligingly described their country for him. His Gnacsitare hosts depicted this area by drawing a map on a deerskin, a common technique of aboriginal cartography in America. They told of a range of mountains that was the source both of the river he had come by, which he called the Long River, and of another river, unnamed in the account.

From this point, Lahontan is best left to speak for himself: The Mozeemleks "informed me, that at the distance of 150 Leagues from the Place where I then was, their principal River empties itself into a Salt Lake of three hundred Leagues in Circumference, the mouth of which is about two Leagues broad: That the lower part of that River is adorn'd with six noble Cities, surrounded with Stone cemented with fat Earth: That the Houses of these Cities have no roofs, but are open above like a Platform, as you see 'em drawn in the Map: That besides the abovemention'd Cities, there were above an hundred Towns, great and small, round that sort of Sea, upon which they navigate with such Boats as you see drawn in the Map: . . . That the People upon that Lake call themselves Tahuglauk, and are as numerous as the Leaves of Trees. . . . [After saying some things about the customs and wars of the Tahuglauks] I could pump nothing farther out of 'em, with relation to the Country, Commerce, and Customs of that remote nation. All they could say was, that the great River of that Nation runs all along Westward, and that the salt lake into which it falls is three hundred Leagues in Circumference, and thirty in breadth, its mouth stretching a great way to the Southward."

To illustrate this narrative, and to add credibility to the whole fanciful episode, Lahontan included a map with his second volume. Although the purpose of the map was to substantiate this narrative, it does not portray the salt lake, or refer to it in any way.

The *Nouveaux Voyages* must have come into Delisle's hands shortly after its publication, because it provided him with material that he quickly used to fill in some of the blank spaces he had so prudently left in his earlier maps. Throwing caution and skepticism to the winds, Delisle prepared a new *Carte du Canada*—the map reproduced herewith—incorporating Lahontan's map and adding to it his own attempted depiction of the salt lake, which, as noted above, did not appear on the Lahontan map.

Delisle describes this salt lake thus: "A lake of salty water thirty leagues wide and three hundred leagues around, according to accounts of the savages, who say [that] although its mouth is quite far towards the south, it is not more than two leagues wide [and] that there are about one hundred towns around that sort of sea, on which they float large boats." *(Translation by Wiecek)*

Delisle's skepticism did not wholly forsake him, however; he also noted that "the Long River or Dead River was explored recently by Baron Lahontan as far as the spot marked on the map. That which is further west was drawn on deerskins by the savages of the nation of Gnacsitares, unless the said Lord Lahontan has made up all these things, which is difficult to resolve, he being the only one who has penetrated these vast regions." *(Translation by Wiecek)*

In spite of Delisle's uncharacteristic lapse into credulity, this 1703 map was a major step forward in the cartography of the American West. Paullin and Wright summarize its significance thus: "In many respects the Delisle Map is an improvement on earlier maps. It is a mother map, and because of its excellence and the reputation of its distinguished author, it served as a model long after new discoveries and explorations had rendered some of its information obsolete." Its permanent value may be gauged from the fact that editions of it were brought out by Delisle's successors until 1783.

Thus it was that a "lake of salty water" appeared for the first time on the maps of Europeans. If its specific delineation and location smacked more of fantasy than reality, that was not at all unusual in the course of the western explorations. For all of Lahontan's engaging fictions, for all of Delisle's conjectural sketching, their assertion that a salt lake existed beyond a western mountain range would be borne out 121 years later when Jim Bridger saw the Great Salt Lake.

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ALL PHOTOS BY GUS BUNDY

THREAT TO THE FREE SPIRIT

The Question of the Mustang's Future

by Anthony Amaral

WILD HORSES and politics make almost as much news in Nevada as people and politics. Eight to ten thousand mustangs run wild in the state, and factions, both hostile and sympathetic, are vying for the destruction or salvation of these nomadic horses.

During the 1969 session of the state legislature, a bill was introduced to put seasonal limitations on the capturing of wild horses. The bill, also designed to allow tighter supervision for humane capturing, was strongly supported by animal lovers and societies for the protection of wild horses. Parts of it were too saccharine for the *Elko Daily Free Press.* Voicing the cattlemen's viewpoint, the newspaper editorially condemned the bill as mawkish nonsense and said that it was not welcomed by men versed in range-land management. In the face of such cattle-oriented protests, the bill died.

Recently, a rancher in northern Nevada, vexed by the many horses running loose on his cattle range, rounded up about three hundred head and shipped them to a rendering plant in California. His methods were illegal, but indifferently observed, presumably, by local law-enforcement agencies.

But in July 1970, residents of Virginia City learned of a corral recently built for capturing horses by plane. With the blessing of Sheriff Eric Jacobsen, a vigilante committee trucked into the hills and destroyed the corral, beating to the punch a group of University of Nevada students who had also learned of the corral.

The war between people and mustangs is an old conflict in the sagebrush state. Nevada passed its first anti-wild horse bill in 1897, when there were more wild horses than citizens. Then as now, ranchers—most of all—detested the so-called gypsy horses. In this arid landscape the romantically-tinged wild horse is a luxury, and livestock men banish it as a worthless predator of grass and water. Some U. S. Bureau of Land Management (BLM) officials agree with the ranchers and fear that any further increase in wild horses will ruin an already depleted range and jeopardize livestock and wildlife.

But political vulnerability softens these comments. Nevada is the last haven for wild horses of significant numbers, and

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Although illegal, mechanical methods of capturing wild horses are often used in this vast, hard-to-patrol country.

A poacher's rope interrupts flight, and the mustang rears at the first shock of having his freedom circumscribed.

any threat to them is followed by a tidal wave of indignant letters, telegrams, and telephone calls to the Department of Interior in Washington. And so for the past decade the department has been wallowing in perplexity as to what to do. Their problem is this: First, to the Department of Interior, through the BLM, is entrusted the care and management of the public lands. In Nevada this chunk of domain covers over 80 percent of the state. Secondly—and here comes the rub—ranchers pay BLM a fee for the privilege of grazing their cattle and sheep, but the animals must compete against wild horses for grass. This forces the livestock to range farther and farther. Meanwhile, the horses, a symbol of the Old West in the sympathetic eye of the public, graze free and in competition with livestock. Finally, the BLM is also the reluctant guardian of these horses, a role forced upon it by a non-apathetic public that sees ranchers as greedy land consumers ready to shoot horses for snipping a blade of grass. Ranchers, on the other hand, see the wild horse preservation movement as an emotional mustang bandwagon, supported by virtually no thoughtful consideration to problems of ranching or range management.

Consequently, the Department of Interior is forced to take an inconsistent position on the subject of wild horses, depending on whether it is addressing the ranchers or the public.

Things weren't always so perplexing. "In the early 1950s," a retired BLM official told me, "we removed about seventy-five thousand head of unbranded horses off the Nevada range without public fanfare. We used a light airplane, which is efficient and humane when used properly. The horses just had to go.

"After we thinned the herds, and we did leave seed stock wherever we saw exceptional stallions, private interests took over. They too used planes to drive the horses, and also flat-bed trucks to chase the horses and rope them. Some of these operators became callous and brutal, and a lot of horses suffered. That was when public ire was aroused, and the Eisenhower administration passed legislation prohibiting mechanical means to capture horses. Now when the department tries to help out the range by removing excess horses and allowing ranchers full measure of the range privileges they pay for, the public steps down on us."

THE BLM LAST FELT the public sting in 1968 following a news release that the government was to remove horses from the Pryor Mountains, which straddle Wyoming and Montana, and sell them for dog food. Discussion among concerned groups about the problem of the horses as a competition with livestock and wildlife in that area had gone on for almost two years. The BLM had offered various proposals—one that would have left some of the horses, another that called for total removal. But it was the latter proposal that was emphasized in the reporting. The government had no sooner finished constructing an elaborate $40,000 corral (to capture about one hundred horses, by the way) when horse sympathizers filed suit against Stewart Udall, then secretary of the Department of Interior, and certain BLM officials. This made national news, and the public was galloping hard on the Department of Interior almost before the first television report was off the air. The removal of horses was halted, and shortly after, the Pryor Mountain Wild Horse Preserve was set aside by the government.

In Nevada, however, there are legal prescriptions for capture of the wild horse. A $2,000 bond is required of anyone

Worn from the chase, encumbered by the tire-weighted drag lines, the mustang waits for the final struggle.

Hog-tied, this horse lies helpless on the parched desert of Nevada that he will soon leave forever.

wanting to capture horses, and also the permission of the county commissioners in the county where the horses are to be caught. Federal restrictions on using planes and trucks have ostensibly forced pursuit and capturing by horseback. It is a tedious, strenuous method.

Most of the horses that are captured are shipped to chicken feeders and pet food manufacturers in California. As a business, mustang hunting is not very lucrative; time, effort, and a market price that pays about six cents a pound—and mustangs have no barnyard fat—have not enticed nearly the number of commercial mustangers that operated before the federal law. Still, enough horses were being shipped to California in 1970 to warrant the California legislature's declaring it a misdemeanor "to import into this state for commercial purposes, to possess with intent to sell or to sell within the state, the dead body or any part or product thereof of any free roaming horse."

Seemingly, the law may have a gummer-bite if ever put to the test, since it does not designate a specific enforcing agency to handle violations. Besides, there are too many roads into California from Nevada that do not have inspection stations. Even if enforcement in California was rigid, peddlers of mustang flesh need only switch to processing plants in other western states.

Nonetheless, horse catching on the Nevada desert remains a recurrent activity. Some of it is legal, some is not. Poachers avoid posting a bond (which is to insure that captured horses pass through a brand inspector and that privately-owned horses are not included) and gather about a dozen head and truck them to California. Some poachers use planes and trucks, since it is almost impossible for law enforcement agencies to patrol all of the isolated desert country. Yet the risk of being caught is present, and the need for speed doubtlessly promotes brutal handling of the horses.

This skirting of legal requirements and the brutal handling are possibly the fault of the county commissioners. They have complete authority as to whom they will issue permits to capture horses. Lately, some commissioners have been accused of favoritism in granting permits to local residents and ranchers, causing others — usually outsiders — to poach. Some of these individuals enter the desert posing as prospectors. One rancher quipped, "They carried an awful lot of rope when they went into the desert."

Most ranchers who periodically catch horses stay within requirements of the law. But a few years ago three Nevada ranchers gave wild horse protective associations some ominous shudders when they became a test case in a Reno federal court. The three men were caught rounding up horses by plane in sparsely settled White Pine County. The state brand inspector there, Arshel Lee, commented privately that the capturing was a "bloody mess." Some of the horses, it was alleged, were blinded by shotgun blasts and others hamstrung to facilitate easy handling. Thirty-nine horses were followed by federal investigators to a slaughtering house at Newark, California.

The defense contended that the ranchers were chasing their own horses running loose on the range. There is no federal law that prescribes how a man manages his own animals. Technically, he can run them down with a Mack truck or shoot them if he wishes. If some wild horses happen to be mixed with the rancher's stock and if some of the wild ones happen to be injured, apparently the event must be considered an unfortunate accident. The men were set free, and the law lost most of its sinew. Since then there has been increasing

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Using heavy chains and ropes, men and winch drag the former gypsy horse up the ramp onto the waiting truck.

Maneuverable light planes make it easy for mustangers to spot wild horses on the open Nevada landscape.

use of planes and trucks to run down wild horses, but only after some tame stock has been turned in with the mustangs. Other ranchers don't waste time chasing down wild horses by plane and truck. A bullet, they feel, is quick, humane, and expedient.

Yet none of these skirmishes against wild horses have decreased their numbers; in fact, they are increasing. Ranchers and wildlife managers protest that something has to be done.

Tom Holland, president of the National Mustang Association, Newcastle, Utah, may be offering the most vigorous thinking about the wild horse problem since 1897. At least, as a former rancher, he is aware of range problems and the cattlemen's dilemma in competition with the horses. "The main issue," says Holland, "has been the lack of a definite status for the horses. Do they belong to the county, the state, or the federal government, since the horses do run on the public domain? The federal law generally protects the horses, but the state claims ownership, and the county commissioners have absolute authority as to who may capture them. Then there is this to consider: The horses are on the public lands, which are administered by the BLM Forest Service and the Fish and Game Commission. But none of these government agencies will claim responsibility for the horses as either wildlife or livestock. And when range conditions are considered for the carrying capacity for wildlife, cows, and sheep, wild horses are not taken into consideration. This is silly. The horses are eating the grass, too. And if it is not taken into consideration, then the carrying capacity the government agencies decide upon is false."

Governmental nonrecognition of the wild horses has caused conflicting interpretations of the law and led to abuse of the horses. The rancher is caught in a dilemma, since he is told how many head of livestock he will be allowed to run on the lands he has leased, and not infrequently the allotment is cut because of poor range conditions. To remain in the good graces of the BLM and not have it declare some of his livestock trespassers on the public range (for which he can be fined) a rancher has few options: he may take some of his own horses or cattle off the range, increasing his feeding expense, or he can go out and shoot some wild horses until the number of grazing stock is within the BLM's stipulated limit. Ranchers, naturally, take the latter course of action.

Another alternative for the rancher is to allow mustangers to come onto his land and round up some of the horses for shipment to California. The rancher receives part of the proceeds for his courtesy.

Some ranchers are adamant about their rights to do this. Not too long ago Holland and members of the National Mustang Association obtained permission from Nellis Air Force Base in southern Nevada to enter the military reservation, where some wild horses are protected in a preserve, and take a census of the mustangs in the area. If there were too many for the land's feeding capacity, the association would recommend removing some of the horses to a less populated area. But county commissioners of Nye County refused permission. (Again, who owns horses?) Holland later learned that a rancher named Joe Falini allowed chicken feeders to come onto the public land he leased, which abuts the military reservation and where the horses water, and take some of the horses. Holland was told that if he wanted the horses he could pay the same price as the chicken feeders.

"Secondly," says Holland, "Nevada's Revised Statutes allow any Nevada resident to kill, capture, or dispose of wild horses. Most of the shooting we hear about is always on or close to

ranching areas. When we check out the area, we invariably find orphaned colts left to die. We have been active in this rescue mission, but over all we are helpless to do anything constructive."

Special-interest politics, whether for ranchers, horse lovers, or a sentimental public, has forced compromise and short-term legislation that has proven only specious at best. No segment has been totally satisfied. The government has set aside a few preserves for the horses, more to placate public sentiment than to show a sincere concern for the animals. (The preserve on the Nellis Air Force Base is on the aerial gunnery range.)

"Besides," continues Holland, "the preserves protect only a few hundred animals while many others on the range are being persecuted. This is what we are against, this persecution. As I have learned, step-by-step attempts at legislation means that a hell of a lot of horses are being killed, or inhumanely treated, or wounded and left to die in the meanwhile."

IT TOOK FIVE YEARS for Holland to uncover the peculiar political aspects of the wild horse controversy. He learned by battling with county, state, and federal authorities, from small courthouses to the Department of Interior in Washington. His aim was first to establish positive ownership of the horses and then a program for their management.

"But it was hopeless," he says. "Actually, I'm not blaming the government or anyone else. The BLM is in a quandary. The horses can multiply quickly, threatening livestock and maybe themselves. That's why the National Mustang Association has a plan which can benefit all, including the horses."

About a year ago Holland decided that the best answer was to establish privately endowed preserves. He traveled over the United States and talked with prominent horsemen and organizations to arouse enthusiasm for his idea. Last March he was interviewed on the Pegeen Fitzgerald Show over station WOR in New York City. The response, said Holland, was overwhelming. The president of the Empire State Horseman's Association promised support, and station WOR donated $1,000 for the purchase of a preserve. Other substantial contributions have come from all over the country, particularly from Ohio, which now has the largest membership in the National Mustang Association. In June, Holland was called back to New York for a follow-up interview. As a result of all these efforts, the association has been able to purchase a 68,000-acre ranch near Caliente, Nevada, at a cost of $100,000.

"This is the first time," says Holland, "that wild horses will have a truly safe place. Through this ranch the association will be able to work with the Bureau of Land Management and ranchers to thin out herds that become too numerous for range capacity in our western states. Association members will round up the horses and transport them to the headquarters ranch. Periodically, we will have auctions for those people interested in owning a mustang-type horse. This way we can control the numbers of horses running wild on the range—a blessing to the BLM, I'm sure—and save ranchers considerable time and anxiety."

Holland hopes eventually to establish smaller ranches in other western states which, he says optimistically, "will become living museums of one of the most significant animals ever to appear in the American West."

Not everyone agrees with Holland's method to save the wild horse, and internal dissension may jeopardize the project. Velma Johnston, of Reno, is one dissenter. She initiated efforts to save the wild horse that fruitfully ended with President Eisenhower's signature on the public law. Today her nickname, "Wild Horse Annie," is widely known as the symbol of protection for the mustangs, and she has received numerous awards for her work.

Mrs. Johnston is president of the International Society for the Protection of Mustangs and Burros, a large, cohesive organization, and while sympathetic with Holland's contention that sluggish step-by-step legislative proposals are a death knell for many horses in the interim, she is nonetheless striving for protection through legislative reforms.

The association supported a recent bill, introduced by Senator Clifford P. Hansen, which proposed to name the horses as a national heritage. However, the bill languished in com-

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Will James, author-artist who traveled in Nevada in the early 1900s, when thousands of wild horses were being shipped to canneries, later wrote: "I'm kind of sorry now so many were caught, 'cause I have a lot of respect and admiration for the mustang. For they really belong not to man, but to the country of junipers and sage, deep arroyos, mesas — and freedom."

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The Brimhall Saga

Part Two: *The Discoveries*

by Fawn Brodie

***EDITOR'S NOTE:** The following is the second of a two-part article on the extraordinary archaeological findings in Utah's canyonlands by Dr. Dean Brimhall, noted authority on Indian art in the precipitous cliff areas.*

HIS CAMERA over his shoulder and canteen at his hip, with a wary eye for the kind of rock that is most likely to break under his lithe, sinewy body, he lowers himself over the ledges gracefully, with the precision of a dignified mountain goat who knows he no longer has to prove his leadership to the young. Thus does Dr. Brimhall, at eighty-four, still explore and study the area of Utah near the confluence of the Green and Colorado rivers, considered by some to contain the finest gallery of prehistoric pictographs in the New World.

An enormous amount of highly specialized research has been devoted to the ancient peoples of Arizona and New

ALL PHOTOS: COURTESY OF DR. BRIMHALL

Mexico, with meticulous monographs on both the early Basket Maker and later Pueblo periods by J. O. Brew, Samuel Guernsey, Alfred Kidder, Jesse Nusbaum, and Byron Cummings. Reproduction of the remarkable Jeddito Valley kiva murals, found in northern Arizona, has received widespread publicity. But the astonishing art of the Utah canyonlands remains today almost unknown even among experts. Archaeological research in the area by Noel Morss, Neil M. Judd, Elmer Smith, Albert H. Schroeder, John Gillen, Charles Steen, and Alice Hunt has concentrated largely on the Indian dwellings and artifacts, and their publications contain detailed descriptions of crude circular masonry rooms, canted wall granaries and kivas, and burial cists, but very little description of the pictographs.

First word of the canyonlands pictographs dates far back to 1875, when Grove K. Gilbert of the U. S. Geological Institute, who had been a geologist on one of the Powell expeditions, reported seeing rock carvings and paintings in Temple Creek Canyon. And Garrick Mallery, in his pioneering survey of Indian rock wall art in 1888–89—"Picture Writing of the American Indians"—reported a few "Kachina-like figures" said to be on the walls of the Colorado River "five miles below the mouth of the Dirty-Devil River." Anthropologist Julian Steward in 1929 had reported briefly on the "peculiar anthropomorphic representations" in Butler's Wash and Grand Gulch, which he described as "apparently phallic," but his drawings were small and his descriptions fragmentary.

Oddly, artists rather than archaeologists or anthropologists gave the great Barrier Canyon mural national publicity. Though it was first noted scientifically by Henry B. Roberts, who was excavating in the canyon in 1929, no serious attention was paid to it until the artists of the much maligned Works Progress Administration (WPA) in Utah made a full-sized reproduction. This was shown in the New York Museum of Modern Art in 1940 as part of an exhibit collected by Frederick H. Douglas and Rene d'Harnoncourt. Their subsequent volume, *Indian Art in the United States,* reproduced the mural, and a copy also appeared in Miguel Covarrubias's *The Eagle and the Serpent: Indian Art of the Americas* in 1954. The other murals do not appear in art surveys.

Dr. Brimhall notes that the chief reasons are the inaccessibility of the pictographs and the difficulties of getting proper equipment in the position and the right light for capturing essential details. He points out that summer flash floods over the centuries have vastly deepened the canyons, which were once filled in part with alluvial soil suitable for raising corn and squash, and that water erosion has broken off many of the ledges that the Indians once found easy to reach. Before Dr. Brimhall's own explorations began, even scientific curiosity was haphazard and limited mostly to "diggings." He is the first to take the pains to track down every rumor of a pictograph or petroglyph discovery—most of them, incidentally, originating with sheep and cattlemen looking for lost animals. Ebenezer Bryce's ancient exclamation on first looking down at the intricate amphitheater that bears his name was, "This would be a hell of a place to lose a cow." The same holds for many similar areas within Utah, the total acreage of

Archaeologists speculate that these long-nosed forms actually are portraits of the long-extinct mastodon.

This back-packing hunter is drawn walking with the aid of a cane, his spear gripped in his right hand.

In the Paradise Flats area north of Torrey, Utah, two elephant-like forms appear on the cliffs; three mountain sheep, about four inches from head to tail, were later added between them.

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which would swallow up the better part of New England.

Once Dr. Brimhall decided to explore the length of the Dirty-Devil River, a particularly vicious tributary of the Colorado, which cattlemen avoided because of its turbid, alkaline waters and quicksand. He and his good friend Dr. Walter Cottam, botanist and pioneer conservationist at the University of Utah, packed food and supplies in an improvised raft made of an oversized truck inner tube.

Starting in late June, when the seasonal high water had receded but the danger of flash floods was acute, they alternately rode and pushed what they called their "Ark of the Covenant" past dead stumps and sandbars in a nightmarish four-day journey. A jagged stick punctured the tarpaulin and filled the dehydrated food with muddy water; heat and insects added to the men's exhaustion. Once Dean Brimhall found himself mired up to his calves in quicksand. "It was like being encased in concrete," he relates. "But Cottam, who had grown up in quicksand country on the Virgin River, just laughed at me and said, 'You're going to fall over'—which I promptly did, and wriggled out on my belly."

DR. BRIMHALL'S COLLECTION reflects every aspect of Indian life. There are pictures of hunters marching with mountain sheep on their backs, warriors fighting each other, and peaceful harvesting scenes. Dating the pictographs, and especially the petroglyphs, which are chiseled out laboriously with a hammerstone, has proved extremely difficult. The most exciting and controversial of all are six petroglyphs that include prehistoric mastodons. Two are his own discoveries.

Knowledge of these petroglyphs, though still limited, has already caused furious argument among scholars, for the mastodons in North America are believed to have disappeared at least eight thousand years ago. News of the discovery of the first mastodon petroglyph, near Moab, Utah, was belittled by some scholars, who discounted it as a fraud perpetrated by a white man.

But Dr. Brimhall's own discoveries, found on the west side of the Colorado, are on almost inaccessible ledges. One is so weathered that the mastodon first became visible to him only when he examined the photograph he had taken. Part of it is obscured by a petroglyph of two fighting mountain sheep chiseled over the mastodon by a later artist, a factor that helped convince Dr. Brimhall that the mastodon is no white man's handiwork and that it is probably of very great antiquity. Bates Wilson of the Canyonlands Park Service has a femur of a mastodon found in this area, but as yet no one has had it dated by the carbon 14 technique.

The sites of the oldest evidences of man in America—Folsom, Sandia, and Yuma, and more recently Laguna Beach in California—have all been discovered in the arid Southwest. Spear points in cave diggings in Arizona and New Mexico have been found mingled with bones of extinct animals of the Upper Pleistocene, the oldest of which, in the Sandia site, range from 15,000 to 20,000 years. The "Laguna Lady" skull fragment has been dated by Rainer Berger, head of the UCLA

Institute of Geophysics, at 17,150 years, give or take 1,400 years. But few scholars believe that the canyonlands art dates back even to the first century A. D. It may well be that careful study of the six mastodon petroglyphs in the Brimhall collection will bring about a major revision in dating of either the age of the Indians in the area, or the age at which the mastodons became extinct.

Unfortunately the carbon 14 technique is of no use in dating the chiseled petroglyphs, and of little use in dating the pictographs since the Indians seldom used charcoal for black but rather confined themselves to earth pigments, especially yellow, white, and red, which they ground in stone mortars. Jesse L. Nusbaum, excavating a Basket Maker cave in Kane County, Utah, in 1922, found two large balls of red paint wrapped in yucca fiber, and one lump of white paint, which he identified as pure gypsum that had been ground to powder, mixed with water, and molded into a cake. He also found yellow paint in small lumps, which appeared to have been mixed with a gummy substance for a binder. Julian Steward took special notice of mortars he found with traces of pigment, identifying the red as hematite or cinnabar; the black, if not charcoal, as a manganese compound; and the lime yellow as ochre. No one is sure what kind of brushes were used, though it is known that later Pueblo artists fashioned them of yucca fiber. There is much evidence of painting with fingers, and often an artist left his whole handprint in red paint as a kind of signature. Dr. Brimhall was greatly puzzled by some paintings in which it looked as if the paint had been applied with a spray gun, until he discovered that some Indian artists made a practice of putting paint in their mouths and blowing it on the smoothed rock surface.

Sometimes a dwelling place beneath a pictograph can be dated by tree rings in the ancient timbers used to hold up the original roof. Tree ring dating is wondrously accurate; one ancient lodgepole found in Utah by Jesse L. Nusbaum dated back to exactly A. D. 217. But no one can be certain that the dwelling place or burial site matches the pictograph in time, and most Indian art has tons of broken sandstone at the base, which cannot be excavated without heavy equipment. Such equipment is impossible to lower into the canyons.

Dr. Brimhall will tell you that the age of some paintings can be roughly estimated by whether or not there are bows and arrows in the hands of the hunters or warriors. Since there is general agreement that the bow and arrow came into the canyonlands with migrations from Mexico sometime between A. D. 200 and A. D. 400, and immediately superseded the spear, one can assume that the paintings that include only spears are older. The canyonlands Indians used a special spear-thrower called an *atlatl,* and attained great proficiency in its use, killing deer and even mountain sheep. They hurled darts or spears about fifty inches long, made with cupped shafts to engage the spur of the throwing stick. Feathered plumes were fastened about two inches from the cupped ends. At the tip, darts were deeply socketed to accommodate short wooden foreshafts that held chipped points. The atlatls and spears found both in the diggings and on the pictographs in

Part of the largest panel in Horseshoe Canyon, these figures are silent witnesses to ages past. The largest form, second from right, stands over seven feet high.

Pictographs of the Utah canyonland area where the Green and Colorado rivers join. This group contains both two- and four-legged figures, immortalized on the cliffs.

The rugged cliffs and gorges of the Utah canyonlands, where such remarkable petroglyphs and pictographs have been discovered.

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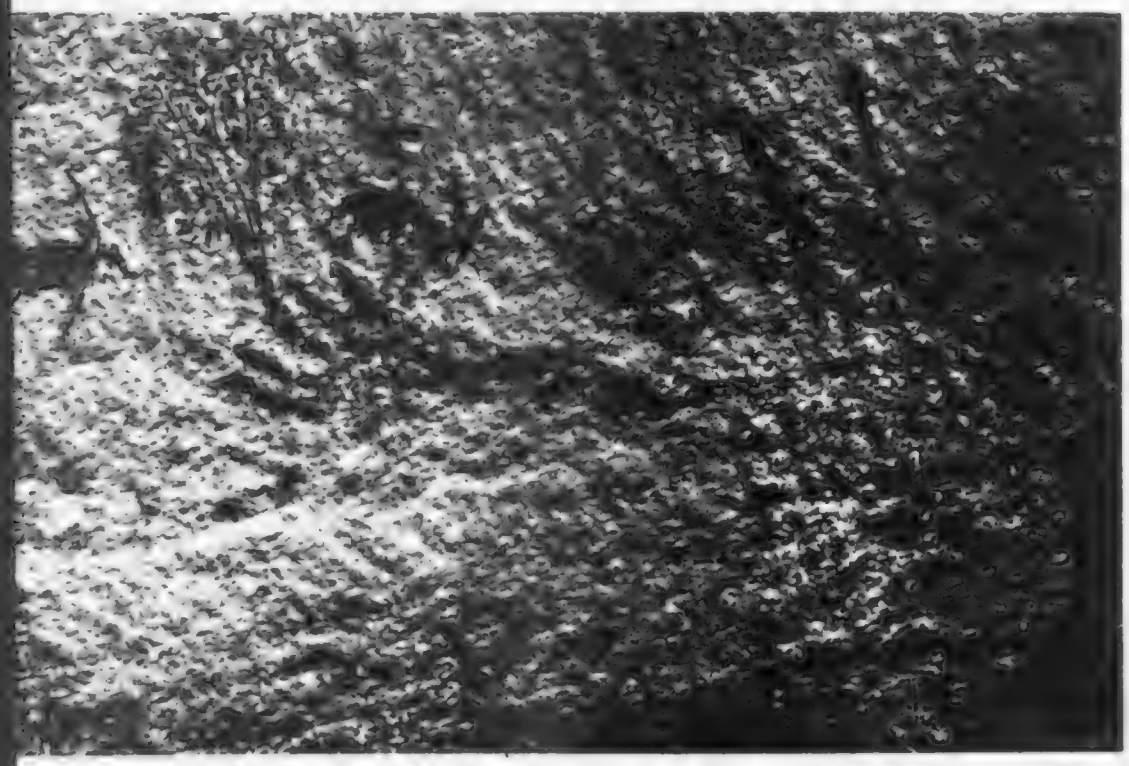
southern Utah and Arizona have also been found on sculptures of Chichen Itza in Mexico, and this fact is cited as evidence of cultural connection between the two areas.

The use of a calcite-tempered pottery in the area began roughly A. D. 500, and while this knowledge is useful in dating excavations, it is of only negative utility for the paintings. There are men and dogs, coyotes, snakes, birds, mountain sheep, rabbits, stylized symbols for rain and rainbows, a variety of masks and ornaments, and agricultural tools on the pictographs, but rarely pots. Dr. Brimhall has discovered that the ancient pigments actually served to preserve the paintings from erosion, and that a slight ridge can be seen at the edges of the painted figures. Measuring the height of this ridge may prove to be, he hopes, a useful dating method. In any case he is convinced that some of the art is far more ancient than had been originally believed, and he suspects that his total collection probably represents the art of several migrations.

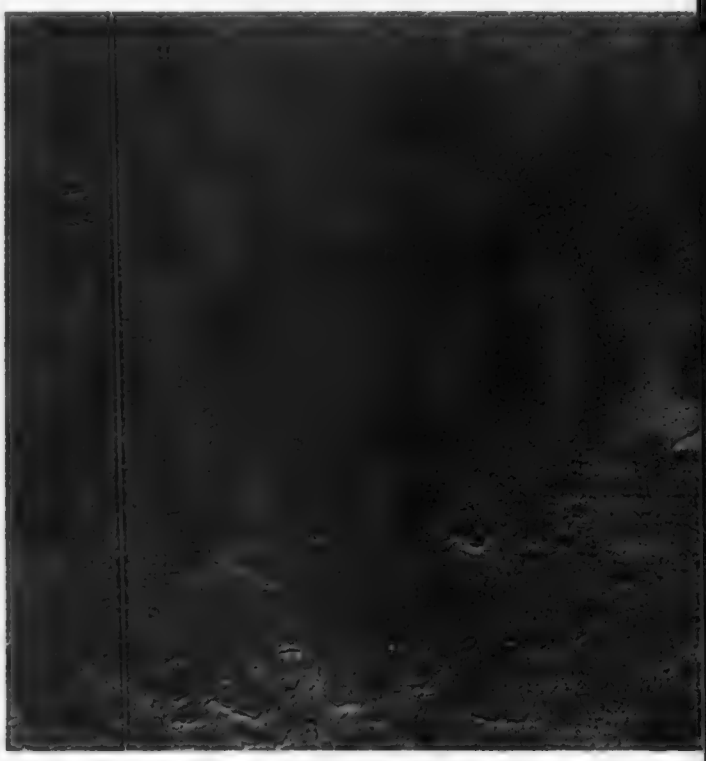
THERE ARE many mysteries about even the Fremont culture, which has been dated roughly from the beginning of the Christian era to about A. D. 1300, including why they migrated into the formidable canyons in the first place. Archaeologists believe that they farmed the bottom canyon areas, raising corn, squash, beans, and later pumpkin. In summer they went about entirely naked save for yucca and cedar sandals. In the winter they wore tanned deerskins or small fur blankets made of yucca cord wrapped with strips of fur taken from the hides of rabbits and gophers, applied raw and woven into an open meshwork with a smooth surface. The earliest excavations show that in the beginning they did not know the true loom and used only finger weaving, with warps fastened to a stake or suspended from a horizontal pole. The fabrics were yucca or apocynum fibers, dog hair, and human hair. Though buffalos occasionally appear on the pictographs, the animal played no great role in either the art or the economy of the Fremont people.

Until the coming of pottery, the Indians cooked in baskets lined with clay, which were also used for storing food and water. The triangles, diamonds, interlocking zigzags, and rows of small spurs found in these ancient baskets are still used in basket designs of the Southwest, though there are new and exquisite elaborations. When an Indian died, he was buried with a basket inverted over his head, the lower coils pierced with a knife, presumably to let the dead spirit out.

Dr. Brimhall once found the dried body of an infant with two baskets inverted over its head, one waterproofed. Ornaments, moccasins, tools, and weapons were usually buried in the same shallow grave, with the weapons invariably broken. This "killing" of the basket and the breaking of the weapons may have been to discourage grave robberies. But the fact that the offerings were put into the graves at all suggests that the Indians either believed in some future life or feared the evil countenance of the departed spirits and placed offerings in the grave to appease them. Among today's Navajos, it is known that a coiled basket made with an encircling design is



In the Maze area of the canyonlands is this carving of a cottonwood tree growing out of the middle finger of the large character, with a rabbit running down the arm and a bird flying toward the tree.



Called by Dr. Brimhall the "Fox in the Moon" site, this drawing shows a near-perfect circle. The fox is thirty-two inches from ear to tail.

Dr. Brimhall knows there are many more discoveries to be made in the cliffs and canyonlands.

deliberately fashioned with an opening in that design, left by the basketmaker, who fears her spirit's entrapment.

Occasionally archaeologists have found in the graves dried bodies of infants still wearing an umbilical cord cover, made of soft prairie dog skin wrapped over a solid core of stone or bark and carefully stitched. Samuel Guernsey and Alfred Kidder found one dried umbilical cord fastened to the outer corner of a baby blanket, so placed that it would hang directly before the infant's face, and he noted that the custom of preserving the umbilical cord as a charm was common among the Plains Indians, who enclosed the dried cord in elaborate coverings, sometimes ornamented with bead or quill work and fashioned to represent a reptile. It was then hung in front of the infant's cradle. Noel Morss found unbaked clay figurines showing evidence of elaborate jewelry, which he believes to be fertility symbols. These were in striking contrast to the masculine trapezoid figures of the larger pictographs.

DR. BRIMHALL has puzzled, like every artist and scientist who examines them, over the meaning of the square-shouldered, masked, and sometimes horned figures—virtually without necks, often lacking either arms or legs, extremely stylized, and highly ornamented. Noel Morss believes they were "representations of gods or of priests or dancers personifying the gods in the manner of the modern Pueblo Kachinas." Pal Kelemen, writing generally about mural painting in the New World in his *Medieval American Art,* believes that unlike in Europe, where the medieval frescoes in the churches served a broad educational purpose of teaching the unlettered peasants history and religion, the murals in America were made only to assure the benevolence of the gods or to state an esoteric truth by the application of magic symbols. Their primary purpose, he believes, was to record or invoke the power of magic. "The art never completely lost its symbolism to become purely decorative."

Skeptical of all such generalizations, Dr. Brimhall is quick to define them as speculation. He concedes a certain resemblance of the giant figures to the Kachinas of the modern Hopi and Zuñi peoples, but is reluctant to read the folklore of the present into the prehistoric past. Today some Hopi and Zuñi Indians believe Kachinas to be messengers from the gods, who live in or visit specified sacred places near the villages. When a Hopi male belonging to the Kachina cult puts on his elaborately decorated belts, leggings, and kilts, and his beautifully constructed Kachina mask, then paints his body in appropriate designs and colors, he is ready to dance in a religious ceremonial of profound significance. He believes that the mask turns him for a time into a supernatural being, the spirit of a deceased member of his tribe who is acting as interpreter between men and gods. Or he may be a god himself, a god of rain, or clouds, or one of the spirits that inhabit springs. The mask here, as in many societies, is an artifact of great potential magic. When a Hopi man dies, his relatives say to him, "You have become a Kachina: bring us rain."

Continued on page 63

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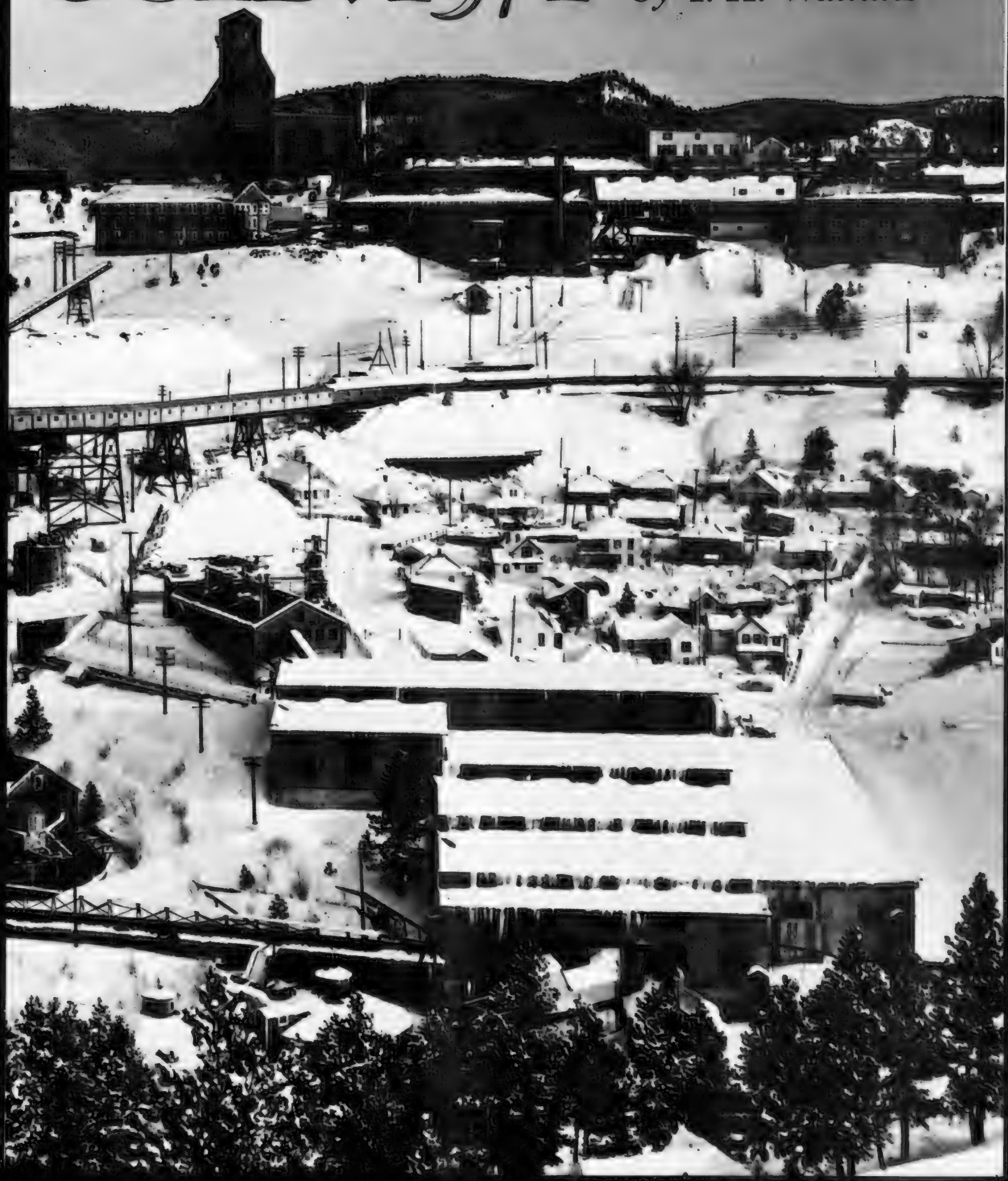
HOMESTAKE

GOLD: 1971

by T. H. Watkins



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ALL PHOTOS: COURTESY OF HOMESTAKE MINING COMPANY

Miners in a cage lift prepare to descend to the Homestake's depths, 6,800 feet down.

In a drift, or stope, the boss checks out the course of the vein and marks the fire holes for drilling.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article has been adapted from Gold and Silver in the West: The Illustrated History of an American Dream *by T. H. Watkins, a major survey in text and pictures, which will be issued by American West Publishing Company on October 27.*

GOLD ONCE IMPELLED MEN into a wilderness outside the pioneer experience, and their demented antics have long since entered both the folklore and the history of most of the trans-Mississippi West. What we tend to forget in the shadow of the eccentric life-styles characteristic of what is called the mining frontier is that mining for gold (or anything else) was only rarely a free man's art—and then only for the briefest of times. In less than a generation after the discovery of gold in California in 1848, mining all over the West had evolved from a condition involving nothing more technologically complicated than pick, pan, shovel, sweat, and blind optimism to a major industry of astonishing complexity requiring a sophisticated knowledge of geology and mechanics, a substantial capital investment, and skilled labor. Such enterprises were nothing more or less than machines for making gold.

Nothing has more thoroughly typified this abrupt evolution than the Homestake Mine of Lead, South Dakota. Its deposits were discovered during the Black Hills gold rush of 1876 by Fred and Moses Manuel, a pair of veteran (and heretofore unsuccessful) dream-seekers. In 1877, they sold the mine for $70,000 to a San Francisco combination headed up by George Hearst, who was then busily erecting an empire on the bones of other men's mines, an activity he pursued with the methodical concentration of a child building a house out of blocks. In two years of intensive effort, Hearst transformed the Homestake from a slightly cheap-jack operation into an enormous industrial complex employing more than five hundred men. By the time he brushed off his hands and returned to San Francisco, the Homestake Mine was one of the largest in the country.

Today, it *is* the largest in the United States—the largest, oldest, and richest—and if it survives the vicissitudes of an economy no longer geared to an abundance of gold reserves, it will soon celebrate its centennial. The massive skeleton of enterprise left behind by Hearst in 1879 has, of course, been expanded to far greater dimensions by now (a fact documented by the winter scene at the beginning of this article), and its techniques have been refined to a fare-thee-well by the application of machinery and even computerized technology—which in many cases has replaced, or at least abetted, the labor of men.

The Homestake stands as the apotheosis of industrial gold mining in the West. Its function, however efficient and intricate, has little of the romance normally associated with our memories of the mining frontier, but it is a telling illustration of the degree to which money and expertise have transmitted a dream that once called man across mountains.

Light-years removed from the days of "single-jacking" and "double-jacking," drilling is a skilled profession.

In stopes where the vein has widened to cavern-like dimensions, drilling requires use of "stope jumbos."

In the century since the Comstock Lode began to take on the outlines of industry, the techniques of deep mining have changed remarkably little. They have been refined to a fare-thee-well, however, by the application of machinery and even computerized technology that in many cases has replaced, or at least abetted, the labor of men. Still, the basics remain the same: the ore must be found, blasted out of the earth, hoisted to the surface, milled, refined, and poured into bars, as illustrated by the operations of Homestake's Bulldog Mountain Mine in Creede, Colorado, and the Homestake Mine in Lead, South Dakota — the largest still-functioning gold mine in the United States.

Once blasting has lifted the ore out onto the floor of the stope, it is loaded by automatic muckers (right) and transported to ore chutes.

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The rock is loaded onto eight-ton ore cars via automatic chutes (above, left) and hauled by electric-powered tandem trolley locomotives to the shaft station (above), where it is lifted to the surface by massive ore hoists, controlled by a technician dwarfed by all the machinery and surrounded with lights, levers, gauges, and push buttons (below, left).

At the surface, the ore is introduced into huge crushers (above left and right) equipped with specialized chain-link feeders that regulate the flow of rock. The crushers reduce the ore to one-half inch size. Then it goes to the rod and ball mills (right) whose mammoth tumblers pound it, beat it, and grind it with water until it is finer than flour.

In the recovery process finely ground ore (pulp) is piped into large vats (above, left) where it is treated with a very dilute solution of sodium or calcium cyanide, which dissolves the gold. The gold is recovered from this solution by adding powdered zinc. The resulting precipitate, comprised of zinc and gold, is mixed with suitable fluxes and smelted (below, left). Zinc and other impurities are poured off as slag, leaving only a crude bullion of gold and silver. The gold is "parted" from the silver by further smelting and the injection of chlorine gas, then poured into graphite molds (above, right).

After the bars are cooled, they are weighed, most coming to about five hundred troy ounces (or thirty-five pounds). An indication of the tremendously sophisticated and painstaking milling and refining processes required to make a gold mine a paying proposition today is given by the fact that to produce the stack of gold bars shown below (worth about $230,000), approximately thirty-six million pounds of ore had to be blasted, hoisted, milled, and refined — or about three tons processed for every ounce of gold realized.

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BATTLE FOR BLUE LAKE

The Taos Indians Finally Regain Their Sacred Land

by Dabney Otis Collins

THE 48,000 ACRES of mountain wilderness restored to the Taos Pueblo Indians are less than half of 1 percent of New Mexico's 9,100,000 acres of national forest—a microscopically small pin prick in the huge green map of America's 180 million acres of national forests. Yet when President Nixon, on December 15, 1970, signed into law the restoration of Blue Lake and the Taos' sacred ancestral lands, the tiny forest assumed national significance.

It was a landmark example of recognition by Congress of the rights of an ethnic minority—in this instance, about fourteen hundred Taos Pueblo Indians—to worship according to their traditions in the shrine where their religious obligations have been performed for eight hundred years.

The Indians struggled for sixty-four years to win back their sacred Blue Lake and the surrounding templed wilderness. The ancestral lands were taken from them in 1906 with the formation of the U.S. Forest Service during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt. They became a part of the 1½-million-acre Carson National Forest.

Today in the pueblo, about a mile northeast of the storied streets of Taos, its many apartments climbing one above the other into a cloudless sky, one day follows another as links in a chain of eternal silence. A stillness prevails, so massive that the crowing of a rooster would be as shattering as a thunderclap. From the rocky hillsides and fertile bottoms of the Taos River, which flows through the settlement, men grow enough to eat, raise horses, cattle, a few sheep.

Women tend their chickens and vegetable gardens, cook in outdoor beehive ovens. In summer, some of the ground-floor rooms may display articles for the tourist trade: strings of beads, peppers and ears of colored corn, pottery, turquoise singly and in strings. And in local stores are collections of Taos handicraft.

On a topmost wall of the pueblo one may see a sitting blanketed figure, gaze fixed on the granite dome of Taos Peak soaring 12,500 feet above the dark sea of pine and spruce. Ten miles beyond, at 11,288 feet, rests Blue Lake. Its sapphire waters are symbolically the source of all Taos life and the retreat of souls after death. Contemplating the rooftop of his cathedral in the wilds, the silent watcher may be reliving the Red Deer dance or hearing again a hundred voices lifted in song, in the annual August ceremonial.

These secret rites have been witnessed, by permission, by only two non-Indians: John Collier and his friend James Young. In his book *On the Gleaming Way*, Collier vividly describes the dance, held in a glade near the foot of the tribe's sacred mountain, Taos Peak.

"The fires lit the dance ground. Here were no colors, other than the fire's own color reflected from white or dusky robes. Here, with personal qualities shrouded, moved scores, hundreds of ghosts. They moved like masses of smoke, like wind made visible, like masses of cloud heaving over this sacred mountain. No casual motion, no gesture of one to another, ever appeared. All was mass rhythm, but an evolving rhythm which changed a hundred times during the night. . . .

"The occasion was a summoning by the tribe of many spirits of the wild, elements or cosmic kin known from ages gone by, and a summoning from within the breast of capacities and loves which had formed the ancient life and sustain its present and its future. As the hours moved on, a displacement of

One of the two Taos pueblos rises against a backdrop of the San Juan Mountains.

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human and mystical factors seemed to take place. The rejoicing was not only a human rejoicing. A threshold had been shifted. Forces of the wild and of the universe had heard the call and had taken the proffered dominion . . . endowing a disinherited race with an eagle's wings." (The preceding selections are from John Collier's *On the Gleaming Way*, © 1962. Reprinted by permission of The Swallow Press, Chicago.)

Slowly, under the Public Land Laws, these areas held sacred were subjected to various entries, each a further encroachment on what the Taos considered to be their hereditary possessions. The multiple-use policy of the Forest Service, of necessity, invaded their privacy and permitted others to do likewise. "Blue Lake, the shrine of the Taos religion, is being violated," a Taos Pueblo chieftain would protest. "No buildings, no steeples. The lake is our church, the evergreen trees living saints." Few listened. More beer cans and fish heads desecrated the shores of the lake.

Increasingly, the moderate efforts of the Taos to regain their wilderness shrine were countered by the Indian Bureau. Its policy, according to the late, eminent John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1933–45, was to destroy the ancient religions of all the Pueblo tribes. In 1922, he said, Indian Commissioner Charles Burke and Interior Secretary Hubert Work invaded the Taos Tribal Council chamber. They accused the councilmen of being pagans, half-animals. Part of the bureau's plan, Collier stated, was a whispering campaign of sadism and brutality practiced at the annual August ceremonials at Blue Lake.

How or when it began is open to conjecture, but somewhere along the dry-creek course they were following, the realization was born in the Taos leadership that, to achieve their goals, they must be more aggressive. Fourteen hundred Indians against the whole United States? Indians as harmless, peaceful, and out of step with modern times as their ancient, mud-daubed pueblos? History records otherwise.

In 1680, in the bowels of a gloomy kiva of the Taos pueblo, was conceived the revolt of the southwestern Pueblo Indians against their Spanish conquerors. The embattled, naked Pueblos drove the armored enemy far to the south, broke the shackles of slavery, and rid themselves of a strange form of worship. The Spaniards and padres, however, were back in 1692.

In Taos, on a bitter January day in 1847, the Taos revolted again, against a new set of conquerors, the Americans, victors in the Mexican War. In the holocaust that swept the town, Turley's notorious whiskey mill was burned and seven men were killed. Charles Bent, governor of the newly formed Territory of New Mexico, was scalped alive. Through deep snow, some two thousand Taos Indians and Mexicans marched to attack Colonel Sterling Price's forces near Santa Fe. Out-gunned, they fell back, finally taking refuge in the mission church at Taos. Of seven hundred trapped inside, two hundred were killed. The church was destroyed.

Present-day descendants of these fighting Taos, when put to the test, were to prove that they had not lost the will to stand and fight for their rights. Paul J. Bernal, for twenty-four years secretary of the Taos Pueblo Tribal Council, named some past governors who had been active in the struggle to regain the ancestral shrine of Blue Lake and the sacred forest: Juan de Jesus Romero, Severino Martinez, Luis Astillano, Juan Mirabal, Manuel Lujan, Juan Isidro.

The governor of the Tribal Council is the supreme authority. His word is absolute law, never to be disobeyed. Present governor is John J. Reyna. He gave the order that an outsider, probing into the inner workings of the council in relation to the Blue Lake matter, was as welcome as a rattlesnake in a prairie dog village.

Asked to name the one key man who spearheaded their battle for Blue Lake, Bernal answered, "No one man. All together. The governor, the council, all the people." In addition to his duties as secretary and interpreter, Paul Bernal is program chairman of the Taos Community Action Center and director of the Head Start program. Keen-eyed, quick of speech and smile, he has the look and manner of a man who knows where he is going.

PROGRESS CONTINUED its slow pace. The Taos voice was seldom heard beyond the pueblo. Then, in 1924, the federally sponsored Public Lands Commission offered $300,000 as financial compensation for the original Taos land holdings. The offer was rejected, and for good reason. Once the government has confiscated land for federal use, only an act of Congress can restore title to the property. Congress would act only if the Taos demonstrated that the compensation was inadequate. The Indians maintained that their purpose was to regain religious freedom, for which there is no price.

In 1933, through the joint efforts of Indian Commissioner John Collier, Judge Richard H. Hanna, New Mexico Senators Bronson Cutting and Dennis Chavez, and the Taos Tribal Council, Congress passed a law giving the Indians a fifty-year special-use permit. It directed the secretary of agriculture to issue to the Taos Pueblo "a permit to occupy said lands and use the resources thereof for the personal use and benefit of the said tribe of Indians. . . ." After many negotiations, the Agriculture Department, in 1940, issued the permit for special use of thirty-two thousand acres and Blue Lake.

The victory was substantial, but incomplete. The special-use permit began to fail when the Forest Service allowed public recreation in the area. As time went on, the regional forester encountered increasingly heavy pressure from local white business communities and timber interests. Construction of the special-use permit allowed interpretation that could have destroyed its original purpose.

To forestall this possibility, beginning in 1961, Governor Severino Martinez and Secretary Paul Bernal contacted federal officials in Washington and sought the help of friends in

PETER BROCK

Blue Lake is once more the Taos Indians' property, where they can gather and worship according to tradition. As they say, "The lake is our church, the evergreen trees living saints."

New York. Attorneys for the Association on American Indian Affairs, a powerful ally, began probing into official records. Even more encouraging, newspapers across the country began to carry editorials backing the tribe's claim to Blue Lake and to religious freedom. Battle lines were being drawn.

In 1965, the Indian Claims Commission ruled that the Taos had been deprived unjustly of their property. But it had no authority to return the land to the people; it could only grant a money judgment. The $300,000 offer was refused. "We will not sell our religion—our life."

Meanwhile, the people of Taos Pueblo continued to use their meager funds to petition Congress and to seek public support. Senator Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico introduced legislation that, with questionable conditions, would return Blue Lake to the Pueblo. Congressman James A. Haley of Florida introduced a measure for the return of fifty thousand acres. It was stalled by Anderson's companion bill in the Senate, and limited to hearings in subcommittees.

Apprised of the situation, Paul Bernal, John Reyna, and Severino Martinez took the train for New York. They would put their case before the forty-fourth annual meeting of the Association on American Indian Affairs. It was no accident that they were met at the station by Senator Robert F. Kennedy, who pledged his support for their cause. Through the coordinated efforts of the AAIA, the Taos Tribal Council, and such men as John Collier, Oliver LaFarge, and Senator Clinton Anderson, Blue Lake had become a synonym for religious freedom, a thorn in the national conscience.

At the AAIA meeting, three Taos guests appealed to the nation for understanding and support. Their message was carried by all major television and radio networks. Reyna and Martinez, with Bernal as interpreter, proclaimed, "We came here to New York City to tell you that the government wants to pay us for Blue Lake. We don't want the mighty dollars. We want the land, where we can worship freely. This is the reason we came here to ask your support."

While in New York, the delegation received word that the Senate would hold a hearing on the Blue Lake bill on May 18. At this hearing, called by Senator Lee Metcalf of Montana, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Indian Affairs, Interior Secretary Stewart I. Udall testified on behalf of the Taos —an extraordinary gesture of support.

Another important and unexpected supporter of Anderson's bill and the Pueblo's claim to constitutional protection of

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their religious freedom was the National Council of Churches. A spokesman pointed out that cathedrals, mosques, and temples are respected as structures of sanctity because they are important in the religious lives of men and women. "What the Indians of Pueblo are asking is that equal consideration — no more, no less — be extended to the shrine where they have performed their religious obligations for at least as long as the famed cathedrals of Europe have been in use."

BETWEEN 1966 and 1969, five bills were introduced in Congress, and there were numerous hearings. In one of great importance, the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, under the leadership of Chairman Wayne Aspinall of Colorado, on June 25, 1969, presented a bill to restore the fifty thousand acres to the Taos Pueblo.

Opposing forces were now aligned, like David and Goliath, for the final battle.

For: the Association on American Indian Affairs; American Civil Liberties Union; National Council of Churches; American Jewish Congress; Monsignor Hurley, Archbishop of Santa Fe; Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel; Stewart I. Udall; in the House, Wayne Aspinall of Colorado and James A. Haley of Florida; in the Senate, Fred R. Harris of Oklahoma and Robert Griffin of Michigan.

Against: U. S. Forest Service for the Department of Agriculture; American Forestry Association; National Wildlife Federation; New Mexico Wildlife Association; individual sportsmen, timber interests, conservation groups; in the Senate, Clinton Anderson and Gordon Allott of Colorado; and Henry M. Jackson of Washington.

Ironically, Senator Anderson was a longtime friend of the Indians of his state. Because of his skill as a member of the Senate Subcommittee on Indian Affairs in maneuvering bills into hearings, thus delaying or killing action, he was now cast as chief obstacle in passage of legislation to restore the Taos holy land.

The Anderson approach offered two routes for the Indians via Senate bills 1624 and 1625. The first measure would give the Pueblo fee title — full ownership — to 3,150 acres, including Blue Lake. The second would give the 3,150 acres in trust, which would abrogate taxes on the land. In addition, either bill would grant the Pueblo exclusive use of more than twenty thousand acres of adjoining forest land, permanently and free of charge, and under perpetual care of the Forest Service. The Pueblo would retain all grazing and timber rights, hunting, fishing, and other tribal uses.

Anderson was adamant in his belief that transfer of the responsibility of the area's conservation from the Agriculture Department (Forest Service) to the Interior Department (wilderness areas) would encourage the breakup of forest preserves by other tribes.

Representative Haley's bill to return fifty thousand acres to the Taos Pueblo was reintroduced in the House. On September 9, 1969, the House passed its version of the Blue Lake restoration bill almost unanimously. It was little changed from Haley's bill.

Now the New Mexico Wildlife Federation went into action. President Jon W. Little, testifying before the Senate Indian Affairs Subcommittee, denied the charge that the Forest Service had encouraged recreationists in the Blue Lake region. Only six permits were issued a year, all okayed by the Indians, he claimed. The lake was closed to camping and fishing, and was no longer stocked with trout. By leaving the land in its present status, he argued, the Pueblo would be paid for it and still be able to enjoy what is tantamount to ownership.

In a news release, the NMWLF warned: "The Taos Indians have mounted a national campaign, based on emotion, sympathy, and sentiment. They have claimed that they need the land for religious purposes. However, investigation and their own testimony reveal that their religious privacy and freedom have never been more secure. The Indians have been encouraged by outsiders to pursue this campaign and have been led to believe that they should not compromise, but should accept title only to the forty-eight thousand acres.

"No injustice will be done the Taos tribe if they do not get title. Their religion is secure. But if Taos get the land, other tribes will not have received equal treatment."

There followed a listing of Southwest tribes having known claims on national forest lands: San Juan Pueblo, Santa Clara Pueblo, Sandia Pueblo, Nambe Pueblo, Jemez Pueblo, Cochiti Pueblo, and the Havasupai, Mescalero, Hopi, and Navajo tribes.

By mid-1970, the Senate Indian Affairs Subcommittee was reaching the final stages of discussion of two bills: one, passed by the House the year before, would return to the Pueblo the 48,000 acres requested; the other, by Senator Anderson, would set aside 1,640 acres of wilderness for the Indians' religious rites.

Lending credence to Jon Little's charge that "the people who are helping the Indians in this effort are very cognizant of good public relations," they led with an ace. Ninety-year-old Juan de Jesus Romero, spiritual leader of the Taos Pueblo and the most powerful man in the tribe, appeared with an interpreter in the white man's Big House.

"Our Blue Lake wilderness," he said at the hearing, "keeps our water holy, and by the water we are baptized. If our land is not returned to us, if it is turned over to the government for its use, then that is the end of Indian life. Our people will scatter as the people of other nations have scattered. It is our religion that holds us together."

At this hearing, Interior Secretary Hickel testified that the land should be granted.

In the hearings, a new voice had risen to champion the cause of the Taos Pueblo. Senator Fred R. Harris urged acceptance of the House version. He disputed the contention that this bill would set a bad precedent. Senator Henry M. Jackson took sharp issue with him. If the Anderson bill met

At Senate hearings: Senators Robert Griffin, Michigan (left), and Fred Harris, Oklahoma, speak with tribal councilmen C. Juan De Jesus Romero and James Marabel, tribal governor Quirno Romero, and interpreter.

defeat, he warned, the precedent established would result in a host of claims by tribes to lands within our national forests, parks, monuments, and recreation areas. He cited opposition to the House bill by a majority of conservation groups.

THEN, on July 8, from the White House came a decisive blow to the opposition. President Nixon, in a message to Congress, noted the Blue Lake claim as "an important symbol of government's responsiveness to the just grievances of all American Indians." Restoration to the Taos of their ancestral lands was a key proposal in the message.

The president highlighted his support by the presentation of a ceremonial cane to tribal Governor Querino Romero. The presentation was made by Vice-President Spiro Agnew's fourteen-year-old daughter Kim at an Indian tribal ceremony at the Taos Pueblo. It was inscribed with the president's name and the date, July 8, 1970.

The ceremonial cane took its place with two others, one from Charles V of Spain in 1650, the other from President Lincoln in 1863. They have been used by Taos Pueblos as symbols of the tribe's right to self-government.

On December 2, at the close of a two-day debate, the Senate voted 70 to 12 to return to the Taos Pueblo Blue Lake and the land taken from them sixty-four years earlier. Preceding that vote, the Senate turned down, 56 to 21, the substitute measure sponsored by Senator Anderson. The act of Congress was signed into law by President Nixon on December 15, 1970.

In Taos Pueblo, the mission bell rang out the glad news. Pagan or not, the people, some laughing, some crying, rushed toward the old church to give thanks. They clustered in the roadways, on the roofs, celebrating and praying. Patriarch Juan de Jesus Romero, leaning heavily on a carved stick, spoke in his native tongue. "We are going to enjoy a happy New Year — every year."

And so it has begun. On April 16, 1971, twelve Taos Pueblo men returned to their homes after four weeks of intensive training designed to prepare them for major roles in managing forty-eight thousand acres of land surrounding Blue Lake. Subjects covered were basic forestry, fire control, and conservation. Training costs were shared by the Forest Service and the Labor Department. Also involved was the Bureau of Indian Affairs, which plans to employ the men.

"Some people in Washington knew the Indian road," said Taos Governor John Reyna. "They know the way we always have gone." Cotton blanket tight around his broad shoulders, rough-hewn brown face framed between long, slender plaits of black hair, he stood inside the half-door to his ground-floor apartment. On the white plaster wall behind him, tied together with a bow of green ribbon, hung the three ceremonial canes.

With deep feeling John Reyna called the names of those who fought the Blue Lake fight through Congress. "Now we keep our land as it was meant to be." The people had worked hard to get enough money to pay for all those trips to Washington, but now, he stressed, they wanted no more publicity. They wanted to be left alone, to travel their own road.

Dabney Otis Collins, *a retired Denver advertising agency executive, has written numerous articles for western magazines, in addition to writing* Great Western Rides *(1961) and editing* The Brand Book *of Denver in 1948. He is also past president of the Colorado Authors League.*

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TAOS REMEMBERED

Recollections of a Time of Innocence

by Harvey Fergusson

Taos would be a dot on anybody's landscape, but in northern New Mexico, a land with an infinitude of horizons, it simply disappears, lost in all its earth colors, eclipsed by the ragged hulk of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, swallowed in the long sweep of valley that wanders clear to the Jemez Mountains. In this ancient geography of excess, Taos is a kind of afterthought—the merest flicker of human evidence.

Yet it is old, this little shadow on the land—incredibly old as the time of civilized man in North America is measured. No one knows how long the Indians have been here, practicing the arts of survival in their city made of earth, their pueblo, but we do know that Coronado's men, chasing the glimmering fable of Gran Quivira up the valley of the Rio Grande, stopped here in 1541 long enough to christen the mountains with the blood of Christ. We know, too, that a mission was established at the pueblo possibly as early as 1609, and that a village called San Fernando de Taos was founded in 1615. We know that by the middle of the seventeenth century a cluster of earth-colored buildings straggled through the valley as evidence of Spanish civilization, strung out from the vicinity of the pueblo like the tail on a kite—a characteristic it has never lost.

In its 350 years, Taos has achieved a suggestion of permanence not unlike that of the landscape in which it exists. Man with all his little dreams and enterprises comes and goes, but Taos remains, touched now and again with enough force to place it in the annals of history, then drifting back into the long sleep of time. Taos witnessed some of the bloodiest results of the Pueblo Indian Revolt of 1680; it suffered depredations at the hands of Apache and Cheyenne Indians in the middle of the eighteenth century; it harbored American and Mexican fur traders and trappers in the 1830s and 1840s; its residents rose up against American occupation in 1847; and it took a minor part in the gold and silver excitements that wafted across the Southwest in the 1860s and 1870s. Closer to our own time, Taos was host to quieter excitements, as aesthetic refugees from a harsh and unappreciative world sought the peace and beauty and isolation of the land; they began drifting in during the latter part of the 1890s, and by the 1920s a sizable colony of artists and writers had settled in the region.

These were years of a somewhat tarnished innocence, the reflection of an age when isolation was still truly possible, when creative people of whatever real talent could comfort themselves with the fact that they were not *popular or well known, that anonymity was itself an indication of greatness. There were also some whose talent was unquestioned even then, among them the British novelist D. H. Lawrence.*

If Taos might be characterized as the "definitive" southwestern town by both the length and quality of its history, then Harvey Fergusson may be viewed as the definitive southwestern writer. Although he lives now in Berkeley, California, the Southwest is the homeland of Fergusson's fiction and nonfiction alike, steeped in its history, crowded with its people, and enriched with the feel of the land itself. From The Blood of the Conquerors, *published in 1921, to* The Conquest of Don Pedro, *published in 1954, Fergusson has etched in prose the quality of a special kind of life. It is fitting, then, that the fragments of memory that follow are given us by this man, who understands the paradox of Taos village's innocent years, as he understands so much of other places, other times.*

I FIRST SAW TAOS in 1914, and I was frequently there, for a few days at a time, until 1941. Taos was a small village. I think it was generally said to have about two thousand inhabitants, but I doubt that they were ever counted. Presumably the county sheriff provided whatever police protection there was. This small community was amazingly diverse and split into many cliques. The painters were one of the largest and most conspicuous groups, but they had no group solidarity. They were split along many lines of cleavage, sustained by mutual aversion. The high-brow painters despised the low-brow painters, who painted only for money. There

were men in Taos to whom art was a religion and others to whom it was a trade. But the high priests of art were also split into two factions.

I suspect this uncomfortable social climate is the inevitable result of bringing together in a small place a great variety of highly differentiated persons. I have seen something of it in other colonies devoted to the arts. I doubt that the arts should be colonized. The practicing artist is most at home in a metropolis. From Athens to New York, major cities have been the homes of art and the refuges of the man who needs to go his own way.

What made Taos endurable was a small number of persons who could tolerate their fellow beings, either singly or in groups. One of the most distinguished of these human catalysts was the poet, Witter Bynner. I had the luck to go to one of his parties at which he seemed to have assembled guests from all the groups and cliques in and around Taos. I have never seen a host work so hard and yet so joyfully to entertain guests who had nothing in common except that they were fascinated by Bynner. He sat down to the piano and played and sang out of an enormous repertoire of folk music, Negro spirituals, comic songs decades old, which brought youth back to life in all kinds of people and brought them together.

The two most striking persons I met in Taos were D. H. Lawrence and his wife Frieda. They were then guests of Mabel Dodge Luhan at her large adobe home, which she called Las Cruces. Mrs. Luhan introduced me to Lawrence on the street. I saw a man who looked to me too fragile and too sensitive to endure an experience as difficult as human life. His face was dominated by his amethystine eyes, which had the almost supernatural vividness so often seen in tubercular eyes. Both his hair and his scant whiskers were a rusty red. He was vivid in a sickly, almost frightening way. He resembled pictures of Jesus, as many had observed. The Taos natives nicknamed him "creeping Jesus." He did not creep, but he moved without vigor or pleasure. We stood on the street corner and talked for a few minutes, until Mabel Dodge Luhan picked him up in her car and drove him away.

I left Taos a few days later and never saw Lawrence again, which I regret.

I had great respect for his early achievement as a writer. I recognized *Sons and Lovers* as a great novel. I read a volume of his letters and found passages that revealed him as a seer. One passage that I copied and remembered was typical of his wisdom: "Unless through us the future takes place, we are death only." Such sentences never seemed sententious when he wrote them. They were wisdom breaking through his misery, expressing faith in life, though he was little able to live it.

Lawrence professed a great sympathy for primitive people, but in personal contact he often found them shocking. I was told that Mrs. Luhan took him for a ride in the high country with an Indian guide. The Indian, as always, carried a rifle. There is a large rodent in the high country, called by naturalists the Rocky Mountain woodchuck. It gets very fat, weighs eight or ten pounds, and is good eating. The Indian shot one of these animals, disemboweled it, and tied it to his saddle. This was all painfully shocking to Lawrence. He had no tolerance for blood and guts, nor for killing game to eat. Neither did he truly like the wilderness. I believe the only country that he loved was the rural England of lambs and buttercups and nightingales. This was the home of his mother, and as he confessed, he "loved her like a lover." After her death, his life seemed to become a long pilgrimage in search of something he couldn't find. He certainly didn't find it in Taos, although he lived there intermittently for several years.

I met Frieda Lawrence in Taos, too, but the only talk I ever had with her was on the front porch of my mother's house in Albuquerque. She was traveling about the country in a car and said she was going to write a book about her travels. She was interested in the quaint signs she saw in roadside lunch

An early photo of Mabel Dodge Luhan, taken during her days in Buffalo, New York.

XUM

rooms. I had collected some of them as items of folklore, and I quoted her a few, which she noted down. One especially delighted her. It was a perfect couplet:

IF YOUR WIFE CAN'T COOK, DON'T ABUSE HER.
EAT HERE AND KEEP HER FOR A PET.

MABEL DODGE LUHAN was one of the most impressive figures in Taos and probably the wealthiest. At her large adobe home she had a kind of salon, which seemed to be also a continuous house party, with guests from Santa Fe, but also from New York and everywhere. The only time I was a guest there, Witter Bynner and Alice Corbin Hendersen, both poets, were among the other guests. Most of her guests were writers. I met no painters there.

I remember best a long talk I had with Mabel alone. She showed remarkable intelligence, tangled up with her prejudices. We talked about primitive people and especially about Indians. She remarked that Indians, like all primitive people, did not exist alone as individuals but only as part of the tribe or tribal group. This is what Franz Boaz said, in effect, in his great book *The Mind of Primitive Man*. She paused for a moment. "Of course," she said, "Tony is different." (Tony Luhan was her Indian husband.) It seemed to be one of Mabel's sacred assumptions that Tony Luhan was not an Indian, with typical Indian traits, but a wholly exceptional man. His being an Indian was only an accident of birth.

Some years later I wrote a novel called *Footloose McGarnigal*. I always considered it the least of my works. It was a satire on the idea of romantic adventure as a mode of escape. It incidentally included a portrait of Tony and a description of his unique ballroom dancing. I learned much later that Mabel had never forgiven me for this. She went out of her way to denounce one of my books, not in critical terms, but in childish epithets.

She was a strange and gifted woman, and her salon seemed to assemble all the writing talent within her reach.

Before tourists had discovered it, Taos was inhabited by some very picturesque old-timers. The most famous of these was Long John Dunne. He was about six and a half feet tall and could run with astonishing speed. He was very fond of women, and some of them seemed to respond. He was always getting into trouble with somebody's wife. In one case he chose the rather pretty wife of a young cowpuncher who had strayed from his native Texas. This man, not much over twenty, always had a gun on his person. It might be in his pants pocket or under his Stetson, but he could always produce a gun on very short notice, and I was told he could hit a silver dollar tossed in the air. This young man learned that Long John was hanging around his house and offering his wife free rides in his car (the usual price was a dollar a mile). The Texan warned him to stay away. Long John said something obscene and came back. The Texan popped out a window with a gun in his hand. Long John showed his speed, which was astonishing. Everyone in the plaza watched.

"Catch that boy, or I'll kill him," Long John bellowed as he ran. Several peace-loving citizens managed to catch the boy, and Long John got safely to his car and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Long John was something of a clown and also a cheat, but he was always good-humored except when he was frightened.

Another person who did much to make Taos possible as a human society was named Meta Lehman. Of her origins I know only that she had been born in Europe. I do not know when or why she came to Taos, but she was one who could truly say: "Nothing human is alien to me." I introduce her at this point chiefly because she introduced me to the most sinister person in Taos, named Manby. All I know about him is that he devised a scheme by which he defrauded many people out of a great deal of money. Some of these people had come to Taos for the purpose of revenging Manby.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DOROTHY E. BRETT

D. H. Lawrence at his Del Monte ranch, to which Frieda Lawrence returned years later, after his death.

He lived in an enormous adobe house with ten bedrooms. Meta told me that he never slept in the same bed two successive nights. His only companion was a savage police dog.

I had then a curiosity about people that balked at nothing. I asked Meta if it was possible to call on Manby. "I am the only friend he has," she said. "He would be afraid of anyone I brought. He is afraid of everybody. He lives in terror. I don't promise you will see him."

But she took me to his house, told me to sit down, and disappeared. She came back in about half an hour. "He promised to come," she said. I waited about another half hour before he appeared. He was an appalling spectacle. His hair was gray and hung to his shoulders, but he was clean shaven. His face was pallid. His eyes never met mine. Conversation seemed impossible, but I finally got it started by asking about a framed drawing that hung on the wall. It was a portrait and a very skillful one. I asked him who had done it.

"I did," he said. "I was an artist for years in Paris."

I asked him to show me some more of his work, and he produced a number of skillful sketches.

"I am the only artist of my kind," he said. "I care nothing for color. Paint is a mess. I exploit the magic of the line. Many of these sketches were done without lifting the pencil from the paper."

From then on he talked volubly about his art. When I rose to go, he begged me to stay, and when I explained that I could not, he asked me to come again. He was a man transformed by his own talk.

He was murdered a few weeks later. I was still in New Mexico at the time but not in Taos. Meta told me about his death, and it was horrible. His body was not found for several days. It had been partly devoured by his police dog, which had nothing else to eat.

As far as I could learn, there was no official investigation of his death, and it remains a mystery who killed him. Many had threatened to do so. Perhaps the only indictment was that he earned a deadly hatred, and it destroyed him.

A little later I went to New York and lived there most of the time for about eight years. I lost touch with the Manby case and with Taos. The town is different now; many of the people living there when I knew it are there no longer. Taos today is not the Taos I remember.

Well, even in Eden there was bitterness and death, ugly death. Today, a first glance at Taos would suggest that it has lost even the tarnished innocence of a generation ago. The town is full of galleries where thoroughly pragmatic professionals working in everything from oils to plastic sculpture exhibit their works, complete with price tags. The ancient plaza quivers with neon at night, and Indians from the Pueblo sit around on benches during the day looking Colorful and offering to pose for camera-toting tourists (the asking price is usually a dollar, but this is negotiable). Traffic on a typical summer day is profoundly bad, and three service stations annotate the principal intersection, as garish and plastic-looking as service stations anywhere, progress making no architectural concession whatever to the weight of history.

Yet even in the midst of all this commercial clutter, Taos retains an aura of innocence, of possibility. Perhaps it is the appeal of the land, or the antiquity of the town's history, or the fact that once before it drew people with a creative bent, dreamers; whatever the reason, Taos has emerged as a kind of minor Mecca for long-haired young people. The Taos Hotel reverberates to the sound of acid rock; street corners are ornamented with hitchhikers; communes dot the countryside, and it is not uncommon to see a young man in a breechclout greet the morning sun in the desert with the positions of Yoga. Does all this signify a new birth for Taos? Perhaps yes—probably no. What is certain is that it doesn't really matter, for the town long ago stopped measuring life by human events; it is a prisoner of the land, and the land is the prisoner of time.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DOROTHY E. BRETT

Lawrence and Frieda at the Mitla ruins in the state of Oaxaca, southeast of Mexico City.

Prologue and epilogue by T. H. Watkins.

SANTA FE

HARVEY CAPLIN

PROFILE

by Jack D. Rittenhouse

Preservation of One of America's Oldest Cities

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, calls itself "The City Different," and most visitors agree. In this age of urban renewal and the creeping uniformity of chain-store facades, how does a town manage to keep its personality and integrity?

Zoning laws and architectural restrictions help, and so does federal money for preservation. But the only real solution lies in a voluntary outpouring of individual devotion, enthusiasm, skills, and vigilance. Santa Fe has had all of these for years, and if anything, its energies are steadily increasing. It isn't merely that this is "good business"; people who live in Santa Fe want it that way for their own life-style. Furthermore, they will warn you not to visit for more than six weeks lest you become unhappy with life anywhere else.

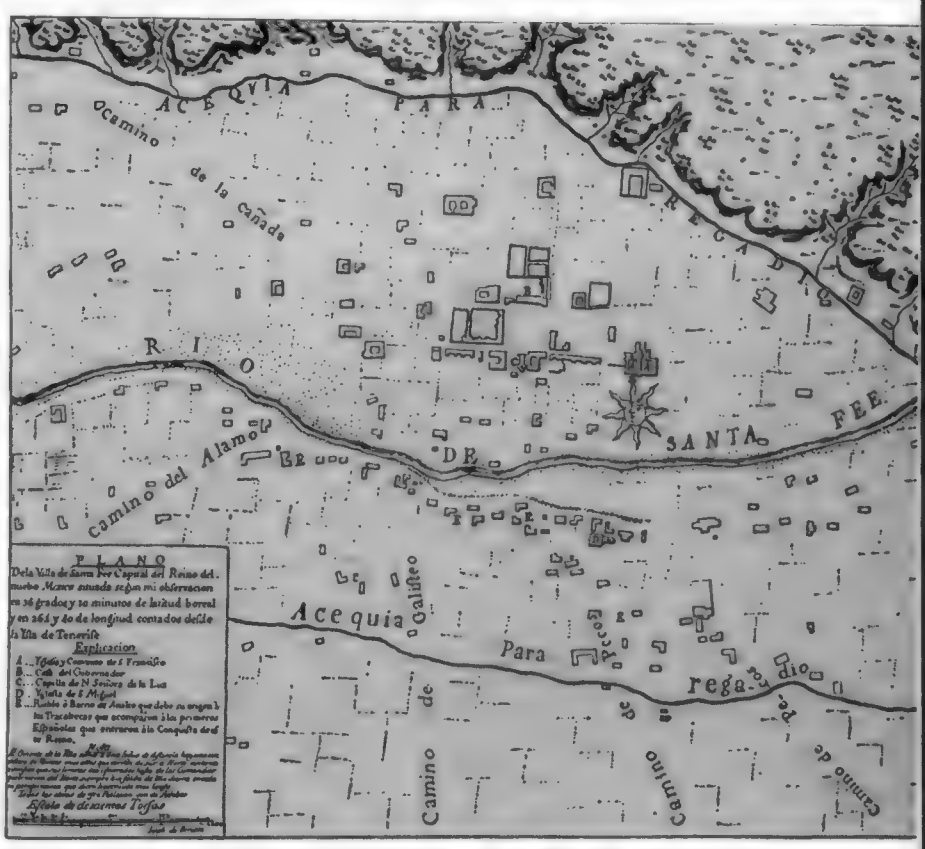
As early as 1666 a geographer called Santa Fe "a pretty Garrison." In 1804 the French trader La Lande came to Santa Fe from the Illinois country, liked the place, and never returned east. This still happens every year.

What lotus-eater magic is in the lure of Santa Fe? Part of it is visual: the melting lines of the adobe homes, the irregular streets that reject a checkerboard pattern, the mountains piled above the town, the sunlight spread like butter, and the sky of an unbelievable picture-postcard blue. Even the sense of smell is caught by the aroma of piñon wood burning in fireplaces on cool evenings.

But there is more than visual charm. Whether we deny it or not, the human spirit needs roots, needs a continuum of mind, an atavistic link with forebears unknown. Standing in Santa Fe's central plaza facing the Palace of the Governors, which is three and a half centuries old, or walking up a winding dirt side street, one has a feeling that "here it all began," that here is truly the Ancient City.

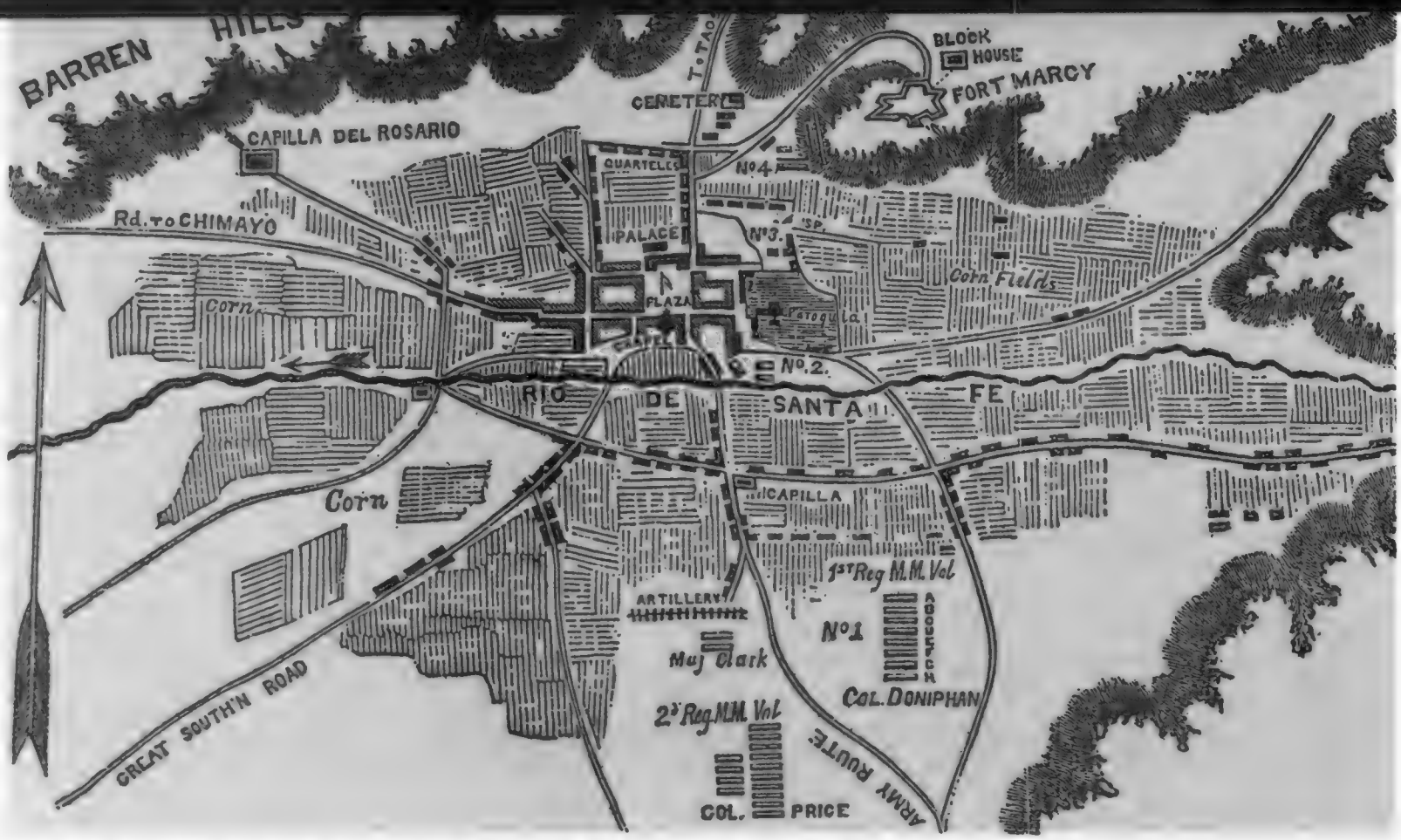
Santa Fe attracts creative people: novelists, archaeologists, musicians, workers in silver and clay, word-weavers and cloth-weavers, the young seeking challenge and the famous seeking repose. Mary Austin, Igor Stravinsky, D. H. Lawrence, Witter Bynner, Randall Davey, Patrick Hurley, and Oliver La Farge came to Santa Fe—some for a time and some to remain. So did more recent notables: Nathaniel Owings, Jack Schaefer, Burl Ives, Alexander Girard, Greer Garson, Donald Hamilton, and Richard Stern. They settled in Santa Fe or in towns nearby; some went on north to Taos, a village with parallel attraction. They found and still find visual charm, a sense of relation with the past, and a feeling that they are located amid kindred souls. Conversation can start midway, without preliminaries; a discussion of one's work needs no preface. The listener understands.

The newcomer to Santa Fe is perplexed by an absence of status symbols. Surrounding any fashionable home where a bridge party is in progress may be imported sports cars, Jeeps, perhaps a pickup truck flanked by a Mercedes. In cool weather a mink coat may be worn over blue jeans. Status symbols are not needed simply because so many people have achieved status in their past work or position. Your quiet



The earliest known map of Santa Fe, ca. *1766. The Palace of the Governors is indicated by the letter B, top center.*

Adobe houses line this quiet Santa Fe street.



This map of Santa Fe, again including the Palace of the Governors and the plaza, was made after U. S. troops under Stephen Watts Kearny occupied the town in 1846.

neighbor may be a former colonel, a successful novelist, a retired millionaire, a pianist, or a noted anthropologist.

But they all have one common tie: the desire to keep Santa Fe as it is. This unity is the secret of the town's preservation and continuing charm. A few years ago a new state building was erected in the capitol complex. When the architect's sketches appeared in the newspaper, showing a circular structure with modernistic vertical bays, there was a civic uproar. Citizens stormed into an official meeting, filled all seats, and stood packed in the halls. Poet Witter Bynner scathingly labeled the design "a merry-go-round of privies." The plan was altered sufficiently to be an acceptable compromise, but a few still call the building the "great kiva" or the "bull ring" in tolerant humor. Decades hence there probably will be a similar outcry if the structure, endangered by age, is scheduled for demolition.

This spirit of spontaneous local participation finds its most drastic expression through the "billboard vigilantes," occa-

ALL MAPS COURTESY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS

DICK KENT

Modern-day Santa Fe. Some structures may be compared with those in the 1882 map (facing page), such as the plaza, the old Cathedral San Francisco behind it, and the meandering river.

sional night riders armed with chain saws to fell signs that block favorite scenic views. And any plan for urban renewal is fought every inch of the way, always ending in a compromise that saves something for each side.

This spirit of preservation is not unanimous, however. There are a few, especially in business, who oppose all zoning, who object to "mud buildings and crooked streets," and who would not share Frederic Remington's delight that Santa Fe had been overlooked by the "heavy-handed God of Progress." As in any dispute, there is some basis for such an attitude. Economically the town is plagued by a lack of opportunity for the rising generations. Absence of industry (other than state government, the largest employer) forces young people to move away, even out of state, for jobs. The population of Santa Fe thus grows slowly compared to other bursting western centers, and today it remains at about forty-five thousand.

After the entering visitor has driven through the sprawling subdivisions, and nears the old center of town, the charm of Santa Fe intensifies. A strict signboard law has reduced garish advertising; the old adobe architecture becomes more common. At the heart of Santa Fe is the old Plaza, with some of the same flavor that greeted William Becknell when he arrived with his pack train in mid-November 1821 to open steady commerce over the Santa Fe Trail. The old *Palacio* still occupies the northern side of the square. On side streets fanning out from the Plaza are buildings that were old even when Becknell came: the structures now called Prince Plaza and Sena Plaza, the old chapel of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the chapel of San Miguel, the Borrego house, and scores of others.

To visitors, Santa Fe's most famous street is perhaps Canyon Road, starting about three blocks southeast of the Plaza and climbing irregularly along the bank of the usually almost-dry Santa Fe River. Before the Spaniards came, this was an old Indian trail leading to Pecos Pueblo several miles east. Some buildings on Canyon Road were old when Becknell came: several have been preserved with care. Along the street are some two score shops and studios of artists, craftsmen, and dealers in paintings, liturgical arts, Indian goods, ceramics, ironwork, antiques, and books, as well as groceries, bars, excellent cafes, coffee shops, and compounds of living quarters. This mingling of boutiques, artists, artisans, and their dwellings has developed casually over many decades to give Canyon Road an integrity equalled perhaps only by a few other places, such as the Vieux Carré of New Orleans.

An 1882 view of Santa Fe, looking east. The old Santa Fe Trail may be seen at the far right, with paths radiating from the middle of the plaza, left corner.

XUM

In this city art is of major importance and has been for over half a century; the Art Museum of Santa Fe contains the work of many who came here to live and paint.

Not only is history so apparent everywhere in Santa Fe that the town has been called a living museum, but history seems to be the major avocation of the citizens. Seldom has a community of forty-five thousand had so many organizations devoted to the past. Not counting the several museums devoted to fine art, history, folk art, anthropology, military matériel, and Navajo ceremonial art, there are such citizens' groups as the statewide Historical Society of New Mexico, the local Historical Society of Santa Fe, the Old Santa Fe Association, El Corral de Santa Fe of the Westerners, Los Ca-

Today Santa Fe's visitors stroll through the Palace of the Governors, over three and a half centuries old, feeling that they are truly walking through history.

PHOTOS BY HARVEY CAPLIN

balleros de Vargas and the Sociedad Folklorica (both emphasizing Spanish-speaking membership), the Indian Arts Fund, the Museum of Santa Fe Foundation, the School of American Research of the Archaeological Institute of America, the Spanish Colonial Arts Society, the International Folk Art Foundation, and the Archaeological Society of New Mexico. Memberships range from fifty to over five hundred.

This broad base of public interest in history not only mobilizes at the drop of an old cornice brick, but it also provides an extraordinary pool of volunteer talent and superb resources for reseach and preservation.

Establishing the original data of a building can involve many skills, for the initial deeds were seldom recorded or documents were lost. Archivists, historians, and translators seek evidence in wills, old maps, builders' invoices, tax lists, lawsuit records, or even in casual mention in letters. Archaeologists can sometimes date the *vigas* or log beams of houses by studying the tree rings. In this technique, specialists bore to the heart of the *viga* and remove a pencil-sized plug. The sequency of thick and thin rings, varied according to rainfall, provides a calendar pattern. This method is not wholly reliable: the log can be dated precisely, but in a region where long beams were scarce, the *vigas* were valuable enough to be willed to heirs and were also salvaged from older structures.

In seeking a precise date for San Miguel Chapel, archaeologists carefully dug through several layers of floor, both wood and dirt, until they reached the pre-1628 altar steps. The altar backdrop or *reredos* included several oil paintings, some covered with five coats of common house paint. Specialists in art restoration used surgeon's scalpels to remove the layers and reveal the ancient art.

Any city project such as street paving, new construction, or laying sewer pipe, always stops for archaeological attention if anything unusual is found. Old wells and even old privies are not exempt from investigation if they are ancient enough. Little is discarded when an old home is torn down: old bricks, wrought iron, beams, doors, and woodwork are sought eagerly for incorporation into another structure.

And thus Santa Feans have done for themselves what could never have been hired by money alone. Forty years or more ago the artist Robert Henri wrote to a friend that "Santa Fe may do the rare thing and become *itself*." Henri deplored the then-current vogue of bungalows that made the town look like Los Angeles, and the false storefronts that imitated New York. But he added that the Art Museum building "looks as though it were a precious child of the Santa Fe sky and the Santa Fe mountains. It has its parents' complexion. It seems warmly at home as if it had always been here."

Jack D. Rittenhouse *is president of the Historical Society of New Mexico and was a member of the state committee that recently planned for historic preservation. In addition, he is a former staff member of the Museum of Mexico.*

San Miguel Mission in 1880. Built By Don Juan De Oñate from 1605 to 1608, it has had several restorations.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF HARVEY CAPLIN

After its first restoration, some original features of the church were changed, as 1887 photo shows.

San Miguel Mission today, sans tin roof and probably looking quite as it did when first built.

XUM

A Matter of Opinion

THE BIG HORN MEDICINE WHEEL: In Reply

*Since publishing "The Big Horn Medicine Wheel—an American Stonehenge?" (*THE AMERICAN WEST, *March 1971), the editors have received an unexpected number of letters concerning this article. The question of the origin, age, and function of the Medicine Wheel, located in Wyoming's Big Horn Mountains, was discussed in the article by Jay Ellis Ransom, who in addition to teaching anthropology and psychology at the university level, has performed nearly seven years of field research in American Indian linguistics, ethnology, and acculturation of the Pacific Northwest and Alaska. The author has also written extensively for major journals of geology, mineralogy, paleontology, anthropology, and linguistics over the past thirty years.*

As evidence that the mystery of the Medicine Wheel has by no means been solved by historians and anthropologists, the editors include below a portion of one reader's response, along with a statement by Mr. Ransom.

TO THE EDITOR:

As a professional archeologist who has researched medicine wheels, I feel compelled to make a few comments on Jay Ellis Ransom's article, "The Big Horn Medicine Wheel." To the layman, at first glance the article may appear to be an imposing array of evidence linking the Big Horn Medicine Wheel to the Stonehenge of England and the Aztecs of Middle America. However, closer consideration of the "evidence" soon causes even the more casual reader to be cautious of the suggested linkages.

Ransom's feelings and hunches turn to speculations and theories, and these in turn are treated as evidence supporting a colorful theory with strong mathematical and astronomical overtones. An interpretation of linguistic similarities between the Great Basin area and Middle Mexico will not bear close examination.

Ransom speaks of the eighteen months (twenty days each) making up the Aztec year of 360 days. Of this he is correct, but he stretches his imagination when he compares the "eighteen" spokes of the Big Horn Wheel to the eighteen Aztec months and the "five hollow mounds" around the wheel to the Aztec five "empty days" to round out the complete solar year. At this point I should mention that Don Grey of the Wyoming Archeological Society describes the Medicine Wheel as having twenty-eight, not eighteen, radial lines (spokes) and six, not five, stone piles (hollow mounds). (*Plains Anthropologist*, vol. 9, part 2, 1963, p. 30.)

The problem of dating medicine wheels and similar stone configurations (cairns, tepee rings, and so on) is well realized among persons who have wrestled with such problems. Ransom mentions that the Aztec "Calendar Stone" was built around A.D. 1480, and that this suggests that the Big Horn Wheel may have been constructed about eighteen hundred to two thousand years ago (something he later treats as fact). His basis for choosing nearly two thousand years ago for the construction of the Medicine Wheel is not established.

Ransom states that the Big Horn Wheel has not been dated by radiocarbon means. This is true; however, a date for the Big Horn Wheel has been determined through dendrochronology. Grey used fourteen specimens and charted them on a master chart. The most recent date among the specimens used in the construction of the Medicine Wheel is A.D. 1760. Grey points out that since wood fragments incorporated in the wheel were probably picked up as dead fall, it is likely that the construction date falls between A.D. 1760 and 1800.

Readers of THE AMERICAN WEST are aware of Ransom's interpretations regarding the builders and the use of the Big Horn Medicine Wheel. I feel the readers should also be aware of professional anthropologists' opinions about medicine wheels. Although neither the identity of all the medicine wheel builders nor the functions of the structures are determined with certainty, ethno-historical research has provided reasonable interpretations as to why the stone structures were built.

Possible explanations of the stone wheels include the commemoration of an important event, such as marking the place either where a death of an important person occurred or where an important battle took place. Two researchers have established such a function for the Blackfoot Indians. Another interpretation is that some wheels were built by the Cheyenne Indians as part of their Sun Dance ceremonials. The Sun Dance, however, does not incorporate any of the strong mathematical-astronomical implications Ransom attributes to the Big Horn Medicine Wheel.

Lionel A. Brown
Professor of Anthropology
Grays Harbor College
Aberdeen, Washington

Mr. Ransom's statement appears on page 64.

This page, A MATTER OF OPINION, *is provided as an open forum. Contributions are invited, but should be limited to 750 words and must be signed.*

Paul Kane's Frontier

REVIEWED BY DONALD G. PIKE

IT IS SELDOM that the publishing industry manages to reconcile itself to the compatibility of aesthetics and scholarship. Although the two are not mutually exclusive, it is a rare event when the two muses are calmed sufficiently to bind them between covers together. However, through the combined efforts of the Amon Carter Museum, the University of Texas Press, and J. Russell Harper of Sir George Williams University of Montreal, this admirable combination has been achieved with *Paul Kane's Frontier.*

Paul Kane's Frontier edited with introduction by J. Russell Harper *(University of Texas Press, Austin, 1971; 350 pp., appen., biblio., index, $27.50).*

The book, quite simply, is beautiful; the printing is flawless, the design complementary, and the color plates superb. J. Russell Harper, the editor, has provided a scholarly biographical essay, carefully annotated Kane's journal *Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America,* prepared a *Catalogue Raisonné* of all the artist's work, and compiled no less than ten appendices covering topics ranging from Kane's logs to his letters. While possibly not a completely definitive rendering of Kane's life and work—space alone would prohibit that—there are no obvious gaps or important facets of his life left unexamined. Further, the reader is supplied with adequate guideposts to avenues of further research.

Harper's biographical essay ably traces Kane's life from an obscure youth, through a European apprenticeship and the years of his western travels, to a declining old age embittered by failing vision. Kane was not a singularly gifted man but learned his craft through hard work and study. He decorated furniture during his youth, developed technique by copying old masters in Europe, and supported himself in later life by taking the bread-and-butter portrait commissions of the wealthy and vain in Canada and America.

He knew the West and its Indians from his youth, when Toronto still enjoyed the dynamic robustness of frontier society; when Indians, *voyageurs,* and Hudson's Bay Company operatives still stalked the streets, and the romance of sights not seen and courage not tried tempted young men west. Kane resisted the frontier magnet and continued to study painting; it was not until his European tour that the old interest was piqued, and he felt inspired to seek his subjects in the West. While in London, close to the cradle of the Enlightenment that created and then venerated the concept of the noble savage, Kane saw an exhibit of Catlin's Indian portraits; immediately upon his return to Canada he began planning for the western journeys.

Harper traces all of these influences, and more, but in a book thus well stocked with information, there is one notable exception. As such, it is a shortcoming made more obvious by an otherwise complete treatment of the man and his work.

Harper fails to provide a clear and systematic analysis of Kane's techniques, composition, and draftsmanship. The absence might be explained away by the argument that the paintings and drawings offer more eloquent testimony than mere words could ever explain, and therefore any effort by the author would be futile, distracting, and offensive—although this writer has yet to meet the art critic–historian who would let any reason so meager stand between him and the opportunity to comment on anything. The other possible suspicion is that Harper didn't want to comment about Kane's skill because he didn't want to say anything bad. Harper, recognizing the better part of valor when he saw it, chose the prudent recourse of ignoring the issue altogether.

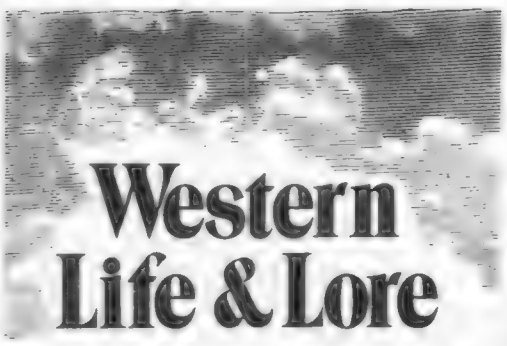
At one point Harper does cautiously suggest that Kane had some difficulty handling proportion in his paintings, a remark that is, in its understatement and evasiveness, worthy of a Washington bureaucrat. More accurately, Kane was a weak draftsman, and the consequences of this debility often crept in to plague his art: outsized heads, misshapen and dwarfish bodies, flaccid tubes instead of arms of muscle and bone, and joints bent at impossible angles. Kane's paintings do suggest certain qualities of character in the artist, most notably a penchant for quixotic tenacity. Repeatedly Kane portrayed squatting and hunkering figures, and just as persistently the result was a noble savage of finely sculpted visage, squatted by his fire, with his knees seemingly growing out of his collar bone.

Kane's paintings also suffered from a malady that is directly traceable to European influences. Though crippled by poor draftsmanship, he nonetheless created striking, spontaneous, direct, and objective drawings and watercolors—while his paintings were ethereal, romantic and idealized. Influenced by the excesses of a declining European Romanticism, Kane's paintings suffered as he affected Gothic skies, Homeric poses, stiff figures, and stylized props in an effort to create "art" to the accepted formula.

Harper did a commendable job of making this fact implicitly clear by distributing the drawings, paintings, watercolors, and field sketches throughout the book, rather than grouping them by type. This arrangement affords the reader the opportunity to compare Kane's progress on a work from field sketch, through figure study, to a final rendering in oil on canvas. This layout emphasizes the difference between the sketches and the stereotyped, studied paintings.

The beautiful, simple, and direct drawings and watercolors are a proud legacy for Kane and one of the finest collections of material by the artist-as-ethnographer extant. Alone, they are worth the price of the volume; accompanied by the biography, the journal, and the complete appendices, the whole comprises a beautiful book and a valuable tool for scholarship.

Donald G. Pike *is on the editorial staff of* THE AMERICAN WEST.



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Soldiering in Sioux Country: 1865

REVIEWED BY ROBERT HUHN JONES

SOLDIERING IN SIOUX COUNTRY is a diary of Charles H. Springer, who commanded Company B, Twelfth Missouri Volunteer Cavalry, during the Powder River expedition of July-September 1865. This edition is based upon a typescript of the original that the editor found in an army collection at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. If editor Cooling ever saw the original, or if the original still exists, the reader is not informed. Nor is the reader told if this is a portion of the diary or the entire document.

Soldiering in Sioux Country: 1865 by Charles H. Springer, edited by Benjamin Franklin Cooling III, illustrations by John W. Hampton *(Frontier Heritage Press, San Diego, 1971; 82 pp., illus., notes, $7.50).*

Cooling, in a beautiful understatement, calls Springer "a somewhat elusive figure." An emigrant from Germany, Springer enlisted in the regular army on May 1, 1860, and deserted from it on or about August 8, 1861. The reason for Springer's desertion remains unclear. Yet the deserter turned up eight months later in a Missouri militia company, served for another eight months, resigned, and still eight months later enlisted as a private in the Twelfth Missouri.

Springer's irregular experience won him a commission, and he fought with his unit in the South, winning promotion to first lieutenant in March 1865. Three months later Springer was court-martialed for leaving his command, an old affliction. Somehow Springer escaped any penalty for his original desertion, and after his discharge in 1866, he not only worked for the government in various capacities, but also applied for a pension.

Springer mentioned in passing that he had with him on the Powder River expedition a "black servant" named Sam, and that other officers used black servants as well. It is not clear if these men were black soldiers so used by the officers, or truly personal servants. One might think, in this day of racial awareness, that the editor might have been moved to find out.

The diary contains daily entries from July 1, when the command left Omaha bound for the Powder River, through November 21, 1865, after the troops had come in from the field to Fort Laramie. Springer graphically described the physical difficulties encountered, the heat or cold, the lack of water or rations or other supplies, as well as the geographical problems of crossing streams, sand hills, and the Black Hills. Springer loved to hunt and fish, and apparently took every opportunity to do so. With a complete disregard for barriers of rank, Springer's companions were as often Private Theophilus McBeath, Bugler Joseph Hewey, or his servant Sam as they were fellow officers.

The hardships of the march and the monotony of it all occasionally moved Springer to confide flights of romantic fantasy to his diary, such as dreams of "the time when we could go into a saloon and take a glass of good cool foaming lager-beer or a plate of ice cream with ginger snaps and sweet cake or have a cherry cobbler brandy smash and... then retire" with a good cigar, a good book and a "young pretty wife." At other times, Springer's spirits plummeted. After not receiving a letter for some time, Springer "did not know what in hell to think. . . . I jumped up and down to-and-fro, swore and cursed that I would'nt [*sic*] write another letter all my life. I finally went into my tent . . . and took another fit of the blues." Even baseball games failed to liven up camp life, causing him to end his diary in November.

Springer's accounts of Indian skirmishes are vivid. Of one hot fray, he wrote, "I noticed . . . Charley Elliott of my command pursued by two tall warriors; I went to his assistance, just as Charley shot the one who struck at him with a tommy hawk [*sic*]. I killed one with my revolver which shot him in the back. . . ." Springer escaped injury, but his "horse had a bullet wound in the right shoulder and an arrow wound in the breast." Of the "Idaho Militia," as the soldiers called the Indians, Springer commented, "How they dodged when they saw the smoke of the artillery . . . and what excellent horsemanship they displayed."

Aside from the questions Cooling left

unanswered, he handled the manuscript in a fairly workmanlike manner. Yet on page 2 the reader might be amused to find an editorial reference to the "headquarters of the Little Missouri River," and on page 68 a phantom footnote number 120. The maps on pages 42 and 43 are filled with errors of geographical boundaries, and one is out of scale. One might wish fervently that the notes had been placed conveniently at the foot of the pages, rather than relegated to the back of the book, like dust swept under a carpet. The text of the diary would have been more readable had it been set in the same size type as the introductory material.

The physical job of bookmaking nevertheless is an excellent one. Absolutely outstanding are the pen-and-ink drawings of John W. Hampton. The diary itself sheds additional light on the Powder River expedition as well as on the daily life of its participants and is useful for students of western history.

Robert Huhn Jones *is head of the Department of History at the University of Akron, Ohio.*

The Image of Arizona: Pictures From the Past by Andrew Wallace *(University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1971; 217 pp., intro., illus., biblio., index, $15.00).*

REVIEWED BY SIDNEY B. BRINCKERHOFF

THE GRAPHIC RECORD of Arizona's territorial years is a large and fascinating one that has received little scholarly attention. Arizonan Andrew Wallace, of the Department of History, University of Northern Arizona, Flagstaff, has in this volume collected a large number of these graphics, organized them into eight chapters, and provided the art with informative captions and a useful narrative text.

Beginning with a chapter entitled "Native Dwellers," he then covers the Spanish and Mexican period, American occupation of the area and territorial government, the Apache Wars, commerce and industry, towns, and finally, territorial life to statehood in 1912. Nearly all of the art is line illustration, culled from contemporary and often rare books, periodicals, and government reports. Some of it was prepared by people who had been in Arizona at the time,

Navaho Material Culture

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while a good deal is copied by eastern artists from photographs or sketches done in the field. As is often the case here, a great deal of the original documentary value of the pictures is lost, if not destroyed, through artistic license.

While the book is handsome and well printed, partly in black and white and partly in sepia tone, the question of fundamental approach is still open to question. The general aesthetics of period line art is appealing, but in some cases uses of original photographs, or the large body of unpublished contemporary sketches and watercolors would have given the reader a closer feeling of the past and certainly a more accurate view of it. Limited as he was to printed line art, Dr. Wallace on a number of occasions is forced to use graphic treatments that are highly fanciful or were not done in or about Arizona in order to illustrate a subject. Drawings by Frederic Remington and a number of lithographs from *Century* magazine can be cited. To be sure, the earliest views of the Arizona frontier seen by easterners were prints, wood blocks, copper plates, and stone lithographs, but for the modern reader, a use of all available graphic forms might have been a better approach.

Despite this issue, the volume is important as it is. Each illustration is well identified and its source and date of publication are given. All the art is in the public domain, and because of the clarity of its reproduction, it will serve as a source of Arizona graphics for museums, publishers, and students of pictorial history. A general bibliography and an index add to the book's value.

For any student interested in the development of the West, and for those enlightened few who realize and value the graphic record as a source of information and a feeling of a period, this book is warmly recommended.

Sidney B. Brinckerhoff *is director of the Arizona State Historical Society, Tucson.*

General History of Oregon by Charles H. Carey *(Binfords and Mort, Portland, 1971; 916 pp., preface, illus., maps, biblio., appen., notes, $15.00).*

REVIEWED BY FRANCIS D. HAINES, JR.

THIS IS A FACSIMILE reprint of the 1935–36 original with different maps and the addition of some illustrations. The two volumes of the original have been bound into one. This reissue will be welcomed by Oregon librarians who have lost or worn out either or both volumes.

Carey covers the history of Oregon only through the Civil War. When it was issued, the work was a needed contribution inasmuch as it covered much of the international and national background of Oregon events, a deficiency in Bancroft's histories, which had been standard time.

The first half of the work is an excellently written account of Oregon prior to 1840. Carey covers all of the explorations, actual, possible, or mythical. The knowledge gained by the voyages and the theories which led to further exploration are presented in their international perspective.

The picture gradually narrows as the European nations drop out of the competition for the Oregon country. Carey then presents a detailed account of Oregon affairs in the Congress of the United States, assessing the roles of such notables as Thomas Hart Benton, Lewis Linn, and John Floyd.

Once Carey reaches the Hudson's Bay Company period in Oregon events, his work begins to show flaws. The Hudson's Bay Company Record Society had not begun to issue the essential archival materials which have so changed our ideas of company activities since Carey wrote. This portion of the work is badly out of date. There are lesser flaws in his treatment of other fur trade activities.

The second volume has a number of faults in both content and interpretation. Few Northwest historians value Hall Jackson Kelley as highly as was fashionable in Carey's time. The Catholic missions have been slighted, and the role of the Whitmans has been exaggerated. The analysis of the motives of the immigrants is that of the early years of the Oregon Pioneer Association.

The portion of the work dealing with the period 1846–66 is in sharp contrast in style and organization to the earlier portion of the work. The last few chapters read as though they were a tentative outline of materials to be covered. At times one has the feeling that one is reading a series of issues of a county historical society magazine. It is this

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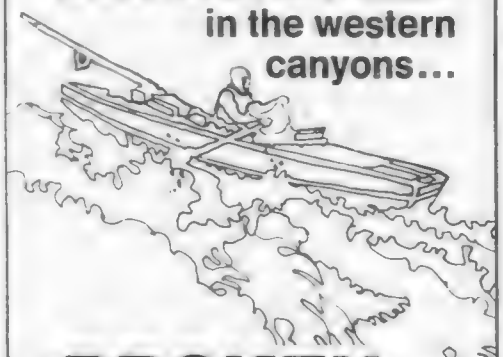

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period where scholarship since the original publication has made some substantial changes in meaning.

On the whole, the first volume has stood up surprisingly well through the years. The careful research, excellent judgment in drawing inferences, and a fine literary style make it a pleasure to read. It is unfortunate that the publisher did not correct a few errors in the text.

Librarians will approve the substantial binding and the quality of the paper. Those seeking "a definitive record of the Oregon Country," as emblazoned on the dust jacket, will be disappointed. This is a "period piece" of considerable excellence which has not stood up as well as Bancroft.

Francis D. Haines, Jr., *is professor of history at Southern Oregon College, Ashland.*

The Montana Gold Rush Diary of Kate Dunlap edited by S. Lyman Tyler *(Old West Publishing, Denver, and the University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, 1969; 76 pp., intro., illus., maps, appen., biblio.; limited edition, $15.00).*

A Cannoneer in Navajo Country: Journal of Private Josiah M. Rice, 1851 edited by Richard H. Dillon *(Old West Publishing, Denver, 1970; 123 pp., illus., map, index; limited edition, $14.50).*

REVIEWED BY FEROL EGAN

THE COMBINATION of fine printing and rare western Americana often results in a tasteful blending of history and the art of book design. Too often, such books are given no more than a line or two by reviewers. The usual editorial excuse is that their limited nature excludes them from a wide market. However, such books should not be judged on the same basis as assembly-line items produced for quick consumption or quick obscurity on the shelves and tables of book merchants. Reviewed here are two volumes combining history and first-class book printing.

The Montana Gold Rush Diary of Kate Dunlap is a most unusual book written by a most unusual woman. Three months after her marriage to Samuel Dunlap in 1864, she traveled in a wagon train with him from Keokuk, Iowa, to Bannack City, Montana Territory. The driving force for this journey was the 1862 gold strike on Grasshopper Creek—a boom that spread to Alder Gulch (Virginia City) in 1863 and Last Chance Gulch (Helena) in 1864.

In prose as neat as needlework, Kate Dunlap captured the essence of this overland journey. Her impressions of Chimney Rock, Fort Laramie, buffalo herds, Plains Indians, frontier troopers, and other wagon trains on the move are as fresh as the day she wrote them. But the most fascinating aspect of her diary is its view of a woman's life on the way West. Here are all the little things that became big things as the distance from home grew greater.

The world she knew was behind her, and in this and other entries Kate Dunlap tells the woman's side of what pulling up stakes and heading West was like. Altogether, this is a remarkable glimpse of the American epic, and it is presented in a book of rare beauty.

A Cannoneer in Navajo Country is a good contrast to Kate Dunlap's diary. Private Josiah Rice's journal is a complete picture of a man's world in the frontier army, and it tells what it was like to be an artilleryman in the 1851 invasion of the Navajo country—an invasion that went all the way to the heartland of these Indians in Canyon de Chelly.

Private Rice's clean prose and his primitive sketches of this campaign are outstanding. Here are the daily, weary duties of soldiers on the march; the individual fears of conflict; the scenes of the wounded, dead, and dying; the brutalizing effect of warfare on both sides; the relief of having survived; and the joys of being a soldier taking in the sights of a foreign city (Santa Fe), like any other soldier from any other army in history.

The soldiers were attacked by the Navajos. Contrary to Hollywood mythology, the Indians carried out their attack in the dark, and as the colonel called for his orderly he found "that he was shot through the grinds, not able to move, moaning with deep agony."

Like the Dunlap diary, the journal of Private Rice is rare, primary history giving a sensitive and moving picture of what it was like to be a frontier soldier. Equally apparent in this book is the fine taste of the publisher in blending history and creative book design.

Ferol Egan *is an associate editor of* THE AMERICAN WEST.

The Tetons and the Yellowstone by Ansel Adams and Nancy Newhall *(5 Associates, Redwood City, Calif., 1970; 95 pp., illus., $10.95).*

REVIEWED BY WILLIAM B. SANBORN

A SENSITIVE, condensed, and eloquent introduction to the Tetons and Yellowstone, this book treats the natural, ethnological, and political history of the area. It emphasizes man's entry into and use of the land, then appraises the area's current status and environmental/conservation problems.

The focus here is on history, with limited coverage of the geology, wildlife, and unique features of the region. In tracing the discovery, development, and preservation of the region, the authors create a realistic sensitivity to the wilderness—and accessibility—of this spectacular area.

Miss Newhall offers a general introduction, followed by a limited presentation of Indian ethnology, then traces the history from the fur trade to John Colter's travels, the role of the Astorians, the mountainmen, and early expeditions (the Raynolds, Washburn-Langford, and the Hayden) to the subsequent creation of Yellowstone National Park. The salient contributions of the individual expeditions are well covered.

The chapter on the Nez Percés, as they moved northward through the Yellowstone fleeing General Howard, is particularly well told. Other sections treat Jackson Hole, the great Gros Ventre slide of 1925, and an adroit presentation of the early efforts and ideological conflicts between the United States Forest Service, the National Park Service, and conservationists.

The illustrations are successful in establishing the expansive and often evasive mood of the area and highlight some of the major scenic attractions. As would be expected from the lens and processing artistry of Ansel Adams, the photographs are technically excellent. Aspen bark or the Lower Falls of Yellowstone are a delight to study.

The main criticism of this work—though this is more of a first-hand observation—is that not enough is said of the unique, little published, and virtually unknown aspects of these two vast national parks. Granted this is not a book on these parks per se, nevertheless the reader will not gain here any particular insight into the incredible variety of truly unique, spectacular, and awe-inspiring backcountry of the Tetons and the Yellowstone. The seldom-pictured inner section of the Tetons, the vast fossil forests, remote and fascinating thermal basins, and soaring northeastern high country of the Yellowstone are passed over.

All in all, *The Tetons and the Yellowstone* is a fine addition to the western library. Of considerable interest to the national park enthusiast, it also would appeal to the visitor or employee who really knows the area.

Read and view it with care, and savor armchair acquaintances with Colter, Lisa, Bridges, Muir, Albright, and many others whose names have become interwoven in the fabric of the great Teton-Yellowstone adventure.

William B. Sanborn *is an educator, naturalist, and author with special interests in conservation.*

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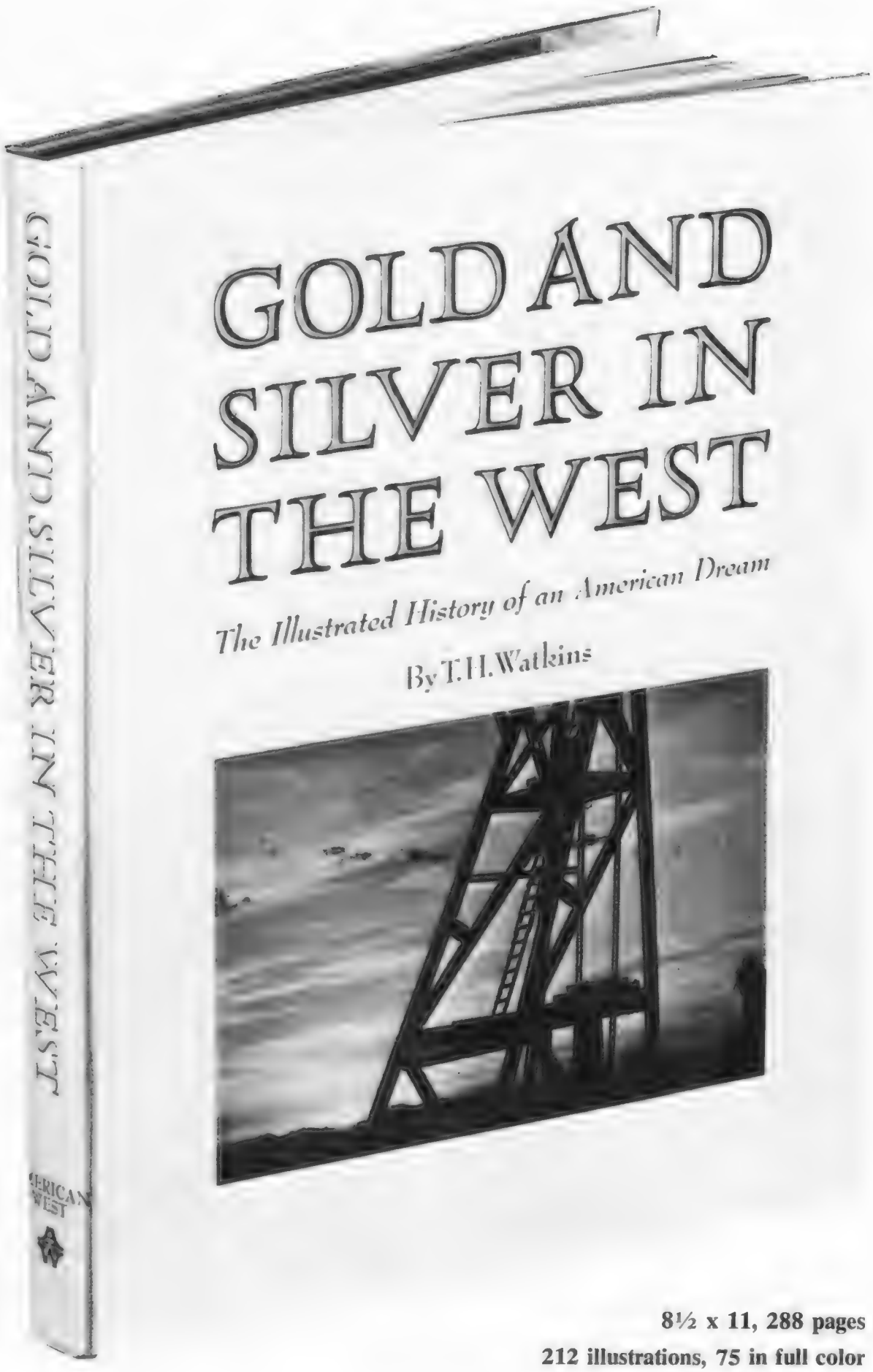

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1851 OREGON. Discoveries in the Rogue River Valley and south of Coos Bay.

1856 ARIZONA. Old Spanish silver mines near Tubac.

1858 BRITISH COLUMBIA. Rush to the Fraser River. COLORADO. Gold in a tributary of the South Platte. ARIZONA. A new rush to the Gila.

1859 COLORADO. The "Pikes Peak" rush to the Rockies begins. NEVADA. Silver discovered near Mount Davidson by gold miners who had been throwing it away.

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1862 BRITISH COLUMBIA. A series of widely separated strikes. IDAHO. Rich finds in tributaries of the Snake.

1863 MONTANA. Discovery in Alder Gulch. NEVADA. Austin booms in the valley of the Reese.

1864 MONTANA. Last Chance Gulch, which becomes Helena.

1865 UTAH. South of Salt Lake City, Bingham Canyon reveals gold.

1867 NEW MEXICO. Rich lodes developed in the Morenos District.

1868 NEVADA. Hornsilver in the White Pine District. UTAH. Silver found and the Emma Mine begins.

1875 NEVADA. The Big Bonanza on the Comstock is uncovered.

1876 SOUTH DAKOTA. The rush to the Black Hills begins. ARIZONA. Silver at Globe and in the south. NEW MEXICO. Silver at Silver City.

1878 COLORADO. Silver starts this territory's first bonanza.

1881 ALASKA. Discovery of gold leads to the founding of Juneau.

1885 IDAHO. Silver-lead of great value found above Coeur d'Alene Lake.

1892 COLORADO. Rich new lodes near Pikes Peak. Cripple Creek emerges.

1897 ALASKA. Heavy placer deposits found in Canada's Yukon Territory.

1899 ALASKA. Gold in the sands of Nome.

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The Taos Trappers: The Fur Trade in the Far Southwest, 1540–1846 by David J. Weber *(University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1971; 263 pp., preface, illus., maps, biblio., index, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY DABNEY OTIS COLLINS

IN THE INITIAL ISSUE of *Prologue: The Journal of the National Archives* (Spring 1969) appears this editorial admonition: "Archivists need to become more involved in the concerns of the scholarly world, and academicians would do well to look with more interest and concern upon archival matters."

The Taos Trappers, said by its publishers to be the first comprehensive history of the southwestern fur trade, is an enlightening example of this dictum. In one of the most impressive bibliographies in the literature of the fur trade, there is included the Spanish and Mexican Archives of New Mexico, Santa Fe, and the General Archives of the Nation, Mexico City, as well as American archival sources. From the coming of Coronado to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo—with Taos as center of interest—the three hundred years of the fur trade of the Southwest unroll in a wealth of factual detail, uncovering broken trails of trappers, enriched by archival background in the hands of an academician.

Early Spanish explorers recognized the abundance and utility of furs in the Southwest, even traded in them. Search for the fabulous riches of the Seven Cities of Cíbola and dreams of discovering another Peru or Mexico, however, were foremost in their plans. In 1739, the first French traders, the Mallet brothers, reached Taos. During the forty years (1763–1803) that Spain held Louisiana, however, New Mexico was kept free of intrusion by foreigners. Manuel Lisa and Jacques Clamorgan, in 1806, outfitted a trading party to Santa Fe, but the Spanish were generally successful in sealing their frontiers.

In 1821, with the independence of Mexico, the Santa Fe Trail entered history. Becknell's wagon train of trade goods to Santa Fe heralded aggressive young America's breakthrough into the Southwest. The next year, his caravan included Ewing Young and William Wolfskill. Beaver traps were already being set in the Pecos and Rio Grande valleys; trappers were operating out of Taos and Santa Fe. Kit Carson, Pegleg Smith, James Ohio Pattie, "Old Bill" Williams, and the four Robidoux brothers, among others whose names would be written large in the annals of the fur trade, led trapping expeditions westward into present Colorado, Utah, and California, and southwestward into Arizona. In the ensuing years, the colorful village of Taos boomed; its importance as a fur trading center rivaled that of Vancouver and St. Louis.

Witnessing the depletion of his country's furs without adequate compensation, the governor of New Mexico ordered authorities to stop trapping by foreigners. The Taos-based beaver hunters turned northwestward to the Colorado Basin. They ran head-on into ruthless competition with the Hudson's Bay Company and General William Ashley and his rendezvous system. Traps were then set on the Gila, Salt, and their tributaries.

Although the New Mexican military was never strong enough to abolish illegal trapping, many packs of beaver pelts were confiscated. When Ewing Young and his party returned from their hunt on the Gila and Colorado, his thirteen packs of skins (1,300 pounds, worth about $3.50 a pound), concealed in a village near Santa Fe, were confiscated and Young put into shackles. George Yount cached $8,000 worth of beaver on the Big Bend of the Rio Grande and smuggled it to Taos where it was sold. To circumvent payment of excise at Santa Fe, some trappers—such as James Baird—became Mexican citizens; others married the senoritas they so much admired. Mexican archives reveal few instances of the confiscation of furs.

By opening new trails to California, Taos trappers reached good beaver country, only to be stopped by the Hudson's Bay Company. But their moccasin tracks pointed the way that troops would shortly follow to California.

Throughout its life as a fur trade center, Taos remained the home of free, independent trappers and traders—American, French, Mexican. They, not the big fur companies, wrote the history of the Southwest fur trade.

Dabney Otis Collins, *author of numerous articles for western publications, is past president of the Colorado Authors League.*

The Mighty Mississippi by Bern Keating, foreword by Melville Bell Grosvenor, photographs by James L. Stanfield *(National Geographic Society, Washington, D.C., 1971; 199 pp., illus., index, $4.25).*

REVIEWED BY WALTER HAVIGHURST

ON THE MAP of America the Mississippi River is an immediately dominant and unifying feature. Rising near the Canadian border, it flows through three climates to the Gulf of Mexico. It drains from thirty-one states—the most productive river basin in the world. Along its shores are dense pine forests, huge flour mills and farm machinery factories, vast petrochemical plants, and wilderness bottoms and bayous. To its wharves come millions of tons of wheat, corn, soybeans, sugar, rice, oil, salt, and sulphur. It carries Indian canoes, bulk cargo barges, deepwater tankers, and freight ships. All these familiar contrasts and prodigies are freshly presented in *The Mighty Mississippi.*

Text and pictures are happily joined in this handsome volume. For six months Mr. Keating traveled the great valley—on foot and horseback, by fishing skiff, towboat, steamship, jeep, swamp buggy, and helicopter. He talked with fishermen, woodsmen, barge men, engineers, farmers, and ship captains. His brisk, bright text led photographer Stanfield to a rich range of subjects for his superb color pictures. Together they present the river in seven segments—a sequence of varied land, history, and contemporary life.

While offering a concise introduction to its huge subject, the book will bring some fresh information to almost any reader. In a sustained dual focus it shows the river of today while recalling the exploration, settlement, commerce, and culture of times past.

Contrasts abound. We see the canoe river winding through 513 northwoods miles above the Falls of St. Anthony and the river of world trade flowing 530 miles below Greenville; the Indian and Scandinavian woodsmen of Minnesota and the Cajuns and Creoles of Louisiana; the busy northern cities and the slumberous towns of the meandering river between the great levees of the lower Mississippi; the technology of dams and power plants, and the rich ecology of the delta wilderness; the mysterious mounds of Cahokia and the new ceremonial Gateway Arch at St. Louis; doom-haunted Cairo and vibrant New Orleans.

While narrating 2,350 miles of river travel, Mr. Keating finds room for fresh details of life on the Mississippi. The newest power plant in Minnesota burns low-sulphur coal from Montana; soon millions of tons of nonpolluting western coal will be barged down to power plants in the coal-rich Ohio valley.

The past fades as diesel horns blare along river shores that once echoed with steamboat whistles. But at Nauvoo young archaeologists are beginning a restoration of the old Mormon town that once was Illinois' second largest city. At Hannibal a decaying riverfront section is being restored to the frontier town of Mark Twain's boyhood. In Natchez a score of handsome old homes have been refurbished, and downtown merchants are rebuilding business blocks as they were a century ago.

Back from the river are the earthwork levees, thirty to fifty feet high, extending for three thousand miles along the lower Mississippi and its tributaries—longer than the Great Wall of China. Great floodways can carry high water directly to the Gulf of Mexico. In 1934 there were no reservoirs; now there are 150. Through this floodplain winds the river that William Alexander Percy called "the shifting and unappeasable god of the country, feared and loved, the Mississippi." It is less fearful now. After three hundred years of river history, there is a fixed course with permanent levees and a deep, dependable navigation channel.

Below Baton Rouge the Mississippi is a tidal waterway. Big tankers pump out Venezuelan oil, and freighters from Norway, Holland, and Japan unload cargo. Sixty years ago Sherwood Anderson sat all one night on the weedy Baton Rouge landing. There was one steamer there, with a line of stevedores chanting: "De las' sack! Soon de las' sack!" Above that song Anderson heard ghostly voices of raftsmen, keelboatmen, pilots on steamers—echoes from the dead river that was once alive. Now it is more alive than ever.

Walter Havighurst, *professor emeritus of English at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, is author of* River to the West *and* The Upper Mississippi.

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California Classics: The Creative Literature of the Golden State by Lawrence Clark Powell *(Ward Ritchie Press, Los Angeles, 1971; 393 pp., preface, illus., index, $10.95).*

REVIEWED BY JAMES D. HART

ALTHOUGH THERE IS a large body of writing that can be identified as California literature, no single book has ever presented the history of this literature. Lawrence Clark Powell does not pretend to have written such a work, as he explicitly states in his preface, but he still has given us a valuable book.

California Classics consists of thirty-one essays published in *Westways* during the last two years. Although Powell tells us that active work on the book began in 1967, he had unwittingly been preparing for it ever since his reading life began about 1912. Some of the people, places, and publications treated in this book have appeared in comparable but different guise or smaller compass in earlier writings by Powell, such as *Landscapes and Bookscapes of California,* a published address he delivered to the Friends of the Bancroft Library in 1958. But here it is all brought together in a book that is both useful and delightful.

The title indicates that Powell's emphasis is on books, yet the chapter headings bear the names of the authors as well as their works, and Powell is certainly not greatly concerned with explication of text. His interests are as much in the sense of place and the people who evoke it as in the books alone. His chapter arrangement is by region and chronologically within each area, proceeding from the desert to the mountains and seacoast, on to the Bay region and coastal valleys, and finally to Southern California, first pastoral, later heavily urban. So he begins with *Anza's California Expeditions,* as treated by Professor Herbert E. Bolton, and finally concludes with *Farewell, My Lovely* by Raymond Chandler.

Along the way, and in his curious sequence, he treats such diverse authors and books as Walter Nordhoff's *The Journey of the Flame,* George Wharton James's *The Wonders of the Colorado Desert,* J. Smeaton Chase's *California Coast Trails,* Idwal Jones's *The Vineyard,* Horace Bell's *Reminiscences of a Ranger,* Charles F. Lummis' *Land of Sunshine,* Lincoln Steffens' *Boy on Horseback,* Upton Sinclair's *Oil!* and Harry Leon Wilson's *Merton of the Movies,* as well as works by more standard writers.

Powell decided not only to omit living authors, but rather arbitrarily and for not very well justified reasons, he decided to leave out some other figures whose inclusion might have been expected, such as Ambrose Bierce, Edwin Markham, Joaquin Miller, and George Sterling. Yet it is hard to quarrel with omissions or curiosities of order in a work so personal as this. Powell's intention was not to present straightforward accounts of the writers and their books. Rather, he attends to what interests him, and he lets other things go.

Thus he creates a work that comes alive with the concerns of the author, for there is nothing impersonal here. Often one learns even where and how Powell first came to know a particular book: "Under the umbrella of a bookstall on the Quai des Orfèvres . . . I chanced upon a worn copy of *The Lands of the Sun";* "in Boston on a June day of 96° heat and 85% humidity," he discovered a batch of Gertrude Atherton's novels in a secondhand bookstore, while *"The Mountains of California* was among the books inherited from my parents." And one finds, too, how Powell first responded to these works, learning, for example, of Mary Austin's book that "reading it in my dreary hotel room was a radiant experience." Here is a work about California writers and their books that is intimate, chatty, and charming.

Powell's enthusiasm for the background of the local literature is so great that for him all the foreground—the texts themselves—seems to be good. In fact, one often feels that all is equally good. In these essays one will not find a critical work, if by critical is meant captious. Instead, all is pleasant and enthusiastic. But there is nothing wrong about that. Indeed, the spirit is in accord with Samuel Eliot Morison's tribute declaring that Bolton "wrote history that sings to the heart while it informs the understanding." The same might be said of this work by Lawrence Clark Powell.

James D. Hart *is director of the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.*

Noticias de Nutka: An Account of Nootka Sound in 1792 by José Mariano Moziño, translated and edited by Iris Higbie Wilson *(University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1970; 142 pp., intro., illus., maps, biblio., notes, index, $8.50).*

REVIEWED BY GEORGE P. HAMMOND

THE AUTHOR OF THIS BOOK, José Mariano Moziño, was official "botanist-naturalist" on an expedition of Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra, sent to investigate the Spanish "Limits to the North of California" in 1792 and to represent his nation in a vital confrontation with the English. Nootka Sound, a sheltered inlet on Vancouver Island, was the focal point of this excitement, which quickly assumed important international proportions.

While the diplomats sought a solution to the controversy, José Mariano Moziño, an able scientist, Mexican born and educated, busied himself with a thorough investigation of the land and its people. With the aid of his assistants, he was the first to make an in-depth study of the language, customs, religion, and system of government of this region, and learned more about the way of life of these people than had anyone else. The results of the work is revealed in Moziño's *Noticias de Nutka,* here ably translated, annotated, and well interpreted by Iris Wilson.

In addition to his descriptions of the life and customs of the natives, Moziño compiled a brief dictionary of the language of the Nootka natives, and a catalog in Latin of the animals and plants that he had examined and classified according to the system of Linnaeus. Even if not permanent, or not always infallible, this was indeed a significant, pioneer achievement.

Dr. Wilson's introduction and notes provide a wealth of information that give perspective to Moziño's narrative and illustrate the vigor and intellectual enlightenment that characterized the reign of King Charles III of Spain. Her translation and notes are excellent, the numerous illustrations superb. In all, this is a beautiful book.

George P. Hammond *is director emeritus of the Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.*

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Jane M. Offers

Ghost Towns of the Northwest by Norman D. Weis *(Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, 1971; 319 pp., intro., illus., biblio., index, $6.95).*

The author describes many known and unknown areas through words and photographs, and explains the method of locating the towns, the map search, the difficulties involved in getting to the actual site where he studies what remains of the place to decipher its reason for existence and the cause of its demise.

The Last Trail Drive Through Downtown Dallas by Ben K. Green, illustrated by Joe Beeler *(Northland Press, Flagstaff, 1971; 73 pp., limited edition, $8.50).*

Veteran horse connoisseur Green vividly tells the true and humorous account of his early venture into the art of horse trading, and the problems incurred when one drives more than a hundred head of horses through the cities of Texas.

Bodie Bonanza: The True Story of a Flamboyant Past by Warren Loose *(Exposition Press, New York, 1971; 246 pp., illus., notes, index, $7.50).*

Bodie—on the way up, its plateau, and on the way down—is chronicled here by Warren Loose. The author includes a detailed, accurate, and documented history of California's famed gold-mining town, and the people who lived there.

White Oaks: Life in a New Mexico Gold Camp, 1880–1900 by Morris B. Parker, edited with introduction by C. L. Sonnichsen *(University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1971; 151 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, paper, $3.95).*

The story of the mining town of White Oaks, New Mexico, and the people who lived there, written by one who resided there as a mining engineer, and who left this manuscript behind after his death in 1957. With fact and with nostalgia, *White Oaks* brings back the flavor of that town in its past days.

Eugene C. Barker: Historian by William C. Pool *(Texas State Historical Association, Austin, 1971; 228 pp., preface, illus., notes, index, $10.50).*

Here is presented a biographical account of this professor and author, well-known and respected on the campus of the University of Texas for years. Relating his influence on the direction and scope of the study of history, Pool presents a vivid portrait of Barker as student, teacher, professor, administrative leader, and author.

Rodeo! The Suicide Circuit by Fred Schnell *(Rand McNally, Chicago, 1971; 128 pp., illus., $12.95).*

The text and photographs of the author do much to capture the dramatic "inside story" of both the rodeo events and the cowboys themselves. The book is an exciting photographic glimpse of a dynamic sporting event; it is also a startling journey through an alien world which has retained both the values and vices of a by-gone era.

Lonesome Walls: An Odyssey Through Ghost Towns of the Old West by Tom Barkdull *(Exposition Press, New York, 1971; 133 pp., illus., $7.50).*

The author, using the U. S. Government Quadrangle Maps of 1900, has researched and investigated the ghost towns and mining camps of the Southwest, such as Zonia, Placerita, Lotus, and Fiddletown.

From Desert to Tundra by Homer Smith *(Dorrance and Co., Philadelphia, 1971; 353 pp., illus., notes, $5.95).*

The experiences of one man's retirement venture in establishing a ranch in Alaska. The story of his life on the last frontier —whether read for pleasure, history or a practical means of learning more about the opportunities currently offered by Alaska—is informative and answers many questions about our northernmost state.

The Magic World: American Indian Songs and Poems selected, edited, with introduction by William Brandon *(William Morrow, New York, 1971; 145 pp., notes, $6.00).*

A compilation of songs and poems of the Indian's world, which will promote understanding of his cultural tradition of lyricism and literature. Includes notes on sources and translations of the works.

Pueblo Architecture of the Southwest: A Photographic Essay photographs by William Current, text by Vincent Scully *(University of Texas Press, Austin, 1971; 97 pp., illus., intro., $12.50).*

A visual essay of the remarkable structures of the prehistoric and modern pueblos of the Southwest is contained in detailed photographs. Among the many sites depicted are: Mesa Verde, Colorado; Chaco Canyon and Aztec National Monument, New Mexico; Canyon de Chelly, Kayenta, Navajo National Monument, and Canyon del Muerto, Arizona.

The Santa Fe Trail: A Historical Bibliography by Jack D. Rittenhouse *(University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1971; 271 pp., intro., illus., indexes, $12.00).*

Published this year—the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Santa Fe Trail—this bibliography will be a valuable guide for scholars, librarians, and book collectors. In addition to the informative introduction, 718 entries describe 350 books, 250 articles, and over 100 Congressional documents concerning this road through American history.

Requiem For a People: The Rogue Indians and the Frontiersmen by Stephen Dow Beckham *(University of Oklahoma Press, The Civilization of the American Indian Series, Norman, 1971; 214 pp., preface, biblio., index, illus., $7.95).*

A complete record of the history of the Indians of the Rogue country in southwestern Oregon, from their first contact with the white man to the removal of their survivors in 1856 to a reservation in northern Oregon. Illustrations and maps enhance this narrative.

XUM

THREAT TO THE FREE SPIRIT

(Continued from page 17)

mittee and was not acted upon by the time the 91st Congress terminated. A similar bill will be introduced in the 92nd Congress. In essence, the bill proposes that free-roaming horses and burros be placed under the exclusive jurisdiction of the secretary of interior. The herds would be managed through a committee appointed by the secretary. The bill allows the Department of Interior to enter into cooperative agreements with landowners and state and local government agencies for the protection of the horses, and authorizes the secretary to remove horses found in excess of the range carrying capacity. The excess can be disposed of, probably through auction, but may not be sold for commercial products.

Mrs. Johnston is presently on a special committee appointed by the Department of Interior to advise the department on the Pryor Mountain Wild Horse Preserve. For the past two years the committee has been studying the management of wild horses on the public range in conjunction with wildlife and ranchers' needs. This committee is an important result of Mrs. Johnston's legislative efforts. "With it," she says, "one of my major aims these last ten years was reached."

Her efforts have forced a recognition of the wild horse as something not to be shot at or disposed of in an arbitrary manner. This is a major concession. From here on, she is working with BLM and Wildlife officials and with cattlemen for a workable program that will save the wild horse.

Like Holland's program, Mrs. Johnston's has much merit; but it, too, is not foolproof. Holland must rely entirely on private support, Mrs. Johnston on the goodwill of the Department of Interior and the cattlemen. Cattlemen are going to require a good deal of convincing that the wild horse is not competing against cattle. What may be more difficult are concessions from the Department of Interior that will allow as large a number of horses to range as she would wish.

The long war continues. Through the years tactics have changed; newer personalities have manned the battlelines, most notably the children's lobby; the opposition has taken a clearer policy stand; and the verbal battle has shifted its axis from Carson City to Washington.

In Nevada, mustang protectors were sorely defeated in the 1971 state legislature. Even before that body convened, word was eddying among assembling legislators that pressure from the wild horse lobby would be heavy. It was. The wild horse debate out-talked even such problems as abortion, welfare, and reapportionment. In fact, the subject probably tabulated more newspaper coverage than any other major issue — considerably abetted by a barrage of peppering letters from youngsters.

A state senate bill introduced by Senator Cliff Young of Reno, assisted by Velma Johnston and the International Society for the Protection of Mustangs and Burros, proposed that it be "unlawful for any person, firm, company, corporation or association to kill, destroy, wound, trap, injure, possess dead or alive, or in any other manner catch or capture, or to pursue with such intent, any wild, unbranded horse, mare, colt, or burro found running at large within the State of Nevada. . . ." Provisions were included in the bill to allow authorized removal of horses that were determined, after a public hearing, to be substantially injurious to wildlife or agriculture, but removal must not be by any means which would kill, destroy, wound, or injure them in any manner.

Opposition forces jumped high, then stomped loudly. The entire bill, they felt, smacked of a carte blanche, turning of the state over to the wild horses. Aside from the ranchers' protests and less audible mumblings from the BLM, weekenders who chase the horses as a sport considered their rights threatened.

Concurrently, another bill authored by Senator Young designated the mustang as the official state animal of Nevada. The language of this bill eulogized the mustang's freedom, spirit of independence, adventure, and long contribution to winning the West. The bill failed, despite Senator Young's saccharine appeal to the Senate on its behalf:

"The word 'mustang' has a unifying effect. Even the people who are protesting treatment by welfare authorities have used it as a rallying point. I am convinced that with the mustang as our State animal a new spirit of harmony will prevail in Nevada. I can see liberals and conservatives, polluters and ecologists . . . , Wild Horse Annie and Nevada stockmen going down the road together in a new spirit of unity and harmony."

Hitting more solidly from the other side of the battle line, Senator Lamb of Las Vegas stated, "We should consider the ranchers a people who have to endure these animals. These people developed the land; Wild Horse Annie didn't. One of these animals was responsible for the deaths of five persons in a highway accident near Ely the other day."

Senator Monroe opposed the bills as a "senseless effort to defend something that doesn't exist anymore." Monroe, representing cattle- and horse-oriented Elko County, is probably more aware that *mustang* is a vague term to use for the wild horses of today, which are hardly Spanish mustangs as is often purported. "They are a bunch of discarded animals someone didn't have the heart to shoot. They breed and eat the grass and are a threat to the economic stability of the ranchers. We cannot afford to set aside range land. Every bit of it is needed for range development."

Both bills faltered back into committee, and a drive to revive them was defeated.

At almost the same time, and less than ten miles from the state legislature building, three wild horses were shot in the Washoe Valley between Carson City and Reno. A ranch owner ordered them shot because they were on his property. An investigation was made, but under the current Nevada law, no charge could be made that would hold in court.

With defeats brewing in Nevada, Velma Johnston, dauntless as ever and determined to continue her twenty-year battle to give wild horses a protection that cannot be circumvented, moved her forces to Washington, D.C. She allied with Senator Henry Jackson of Washington, author of a bill — passed by the Senate in early summer of this year — that would require the secretary of interior to establish twelve refuges for wild horses throughout the West. The horse population would be held at a sensible level, to be determined by a board of qualified

scientists. Landowners who complain of too many horses would have recourse through federal authorities. Other bills were introduced in the House of Representatives.

The most surprising development was the pressure of the children's lobby to save the wild horses. Reporting in the *Wall Street Journal,* Arlen Large called it a "sort of grade-school underground [which] generated a blizzard of hand-printed letters to congressional leaders demanding that wild horses be protected from villainous dog food manufacturers and heartless cattlemen who want to keep all the grass for their cows."

While the children's letters have not entirely swayed all congressional leaders, they did bring forth statements from the "villainous elements." Henry Bucklin, president of the Pet Food Institute in Chicago, stated (again in the *Wall Street Journal*), "We are in favor of preserving the wild horses. We don't need the wild mustangs in our products, and our companies aren't participating in wild horse round-ups." But, of course, horses are purchased, if offered, which consequently encourages mustanging for pet food manufacturers.

"Ranchers," said Bill McMillan of the American National Cattlemen's Association, "are not opposed to the protection of wild horses. We've been maligned, but I don't know how you can counter it." McMillan, like all cattlemen, does not minimize the concept of competition between cattle and horses for grass. But he does feel it could be minimal on the proposed refuges if the government manages them properly.

While it is not certain that the government must become the prime mover in designating a protective and managerial umbrella over the West's wild horses, not all leaders in Washington favor government action. Representatives Wayne Aspinall and Sam Steiger, of Colorado and Arizona respectively, have voiced opposition to the protective bills. Aspinall hardly sees the wild horse as a thing of beauty "with its Roman nose, skinny neck, and fuzztail." He also sees nothing wrong with using old and sick horses for cat and dog food if they were killed as a way to control the size of the wild herds. "It just doesn't make sense that you wouldn't permit such useful disposal."

Many pressures are pushing on the public lands today. Along with the cattlemen's interest and conservationists and sportsmen's demands, there is the growing agitation for general recreation development of the public lands, from dune buggy runs to desert camping facilities, not to mention the state of Nevada's interest in reclaiming some public lands from the federal government. It may be that many wild horses will have to be taken off the range for a small number to survive in a final, but safe habitat.

However, wild horses are too sensitive a topic, too much in the public view, for any haphazard slaughtering to be endorsed. For the same reason, it is also unlikely that the Congress will adjourn without passing some form of legislation so that the horses may roam with some measure of peace.

Anthony Amaral *of Carson City, Nevada, is author of* Movie Horses: Their Training and Treatment *(1967);* Will James: The Gilt-Edged Cowboy *(1967).*

THE BRIMHALL SAGA

(Continued from page 23)

When a man assumes the mask of a Kachina, he becomes literally a messenger to the gods. All of this fantasy is anthropological fact for the present, but who can say what was fact for the prehistoric artist drawing the head of a mastodon?

No one disputes that the art of the canyonlands has certain characteristics of the whole art of the Southwest. There is no foreshortening, the problem of perspective being solved in a primitive fashion by putting people and animals on different levels. There are no profiles as in the great Bonampak murals of Central America. When the figures are unmasked, the eyes are drawn in exact detail—Dr. Brimhall's rubbings reveal pupil, iris, and eyelashes—but there are no noses. It is possible, he believes, that this was due to a traditional superstition that the nose was a favorite entry for evil spirits.

There is a special fondness for right angles, hardly surprising in a land where the mesa landscape is itself a study in geometry. The rainbow appears with frequency, as could be expected in this drought-plagued land, and the rain symbol in the canyonlands is the same as further south, a horizontal bar with vertical lines descending from it, like a stylized rake. The Utah art lacks the complexity of the Arizona Jeddito Valley murals, uncovered from layers of whitewash with great scientific ingenuity by J. O. Brew and Watson Smith, working from 1935 to 1939. But these kiva ceremonial murals are latecomers, dating back only to the fourteenth century, and seem almost decadent by comparison with the austere processional of Barrier Canyon.

A final mystery about the canyonlands Indians is why they left. Sometime between A. D. 1100 and A. D. 1300, they abandoned the area for the more hospitable plateaus to the south, and their descendants were among those who built the great multi-room pueblos, several of which are still being lived in by Hopi and Zuñi tribes. Some believe the Fremont people were driven out by invading Navajos and Apaches, but there is no evidence of battles in the burial sites, no smashed skulls or wrecked and burned dwellings. Some hold that repeated flash floods washed out too many cornfields.

The most popular theory is that they were forced south not by floods but by drought. A. E. Douglass, counting and measuring the width of tree rings as an exact clue to ancient weather, discovered that there had been a period of drought lasting twenty-three years, from A. D. 1276 to A. D. 1299. This was a whole generation of drought, and it coincides with the period the Fremont people vanished, leaving the canyons to the few Piutes, Moquis, and Navajos who ventured in to test their cruelty.

And today, man is again venturing into the canyonlands—not to test their cruelty but to learn their secrets, long hidden from view. Dr. Brimhall has opened a treasure chest of great scientific worth. He and his colleagues know there are still box canyons to be explored, and some sheltered ledges beckoning.

Fawn M. Brodie, *senior lecturer of history at UCLA, is author of* No Man Knows My History, the Life of Joseph Smith the Mormon Prophet; Thaddeus Stevens, Scourge of the South; *and* The Devil Drives.

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THE BIG HORN MEDICINE WHEEL: IN REPLY

(Continued from page 48)

TO THE EDITOR:

Unfortunately, Grey's attempt to date the wheel via dendochronology from sections of three trunks and limbs lying across the central mound is completely invalid. He arrived at a dating of A.D. 1760–1800 by making an erroneous assumption that those tree sections had been lying there since prehistoric times. As my 1921 and 1931 photographs clearly show, the central mound held no tree sections at all! Because visitors much later dragged such "evidence" onto the mound for reasons beyond speculation (they appear in my 1955 photos), Grey's entire report and its conclusions are without real value.

Because the mathematics of the wheel, briefly stated in the article, suggest the calendrical numerations of the Aztec calendar stone (with the central hub and aboriginal buffalo skull), I suggested that the Medicine Wheel might be a progenitor of the Aztec astronomical calendar stone. The central hub, exemplified by the buffalo skull, may have been a "sun mound" similar to the sun in the center of the calendar stone. The rim may have represented the circle of the horizon, but it may also have been the circle of the 360-day solar year.

These were my suppositions, based on mathematics. The Aztecs had to have started their migrations from *somewhere* in "the far Northwest" of the Valley of Mexico to reach that valley many generations later. Certainly, they were Uto-Aztecans in speech and primitive Shoshonean in culture. A similar migration in historic times occurred when the Uto-Aztecan Comanches departed the Great Basin portion of Wyoming for southern Texas about A.D. 1700.

In any case, by statistically eliminating Sioux, Crow, Cheyenne, and other johnny-come-lately Plains cultures, the evidence strongly points to the Medicine Wheel's being a product of prehistoric Uto-Aztecan Great Basin culture. Indeed, the wheel may actually be much older than the two millennia I ascribed to it, adding 1,000 years to A.D. 1168.

Jay Ellis Ransom

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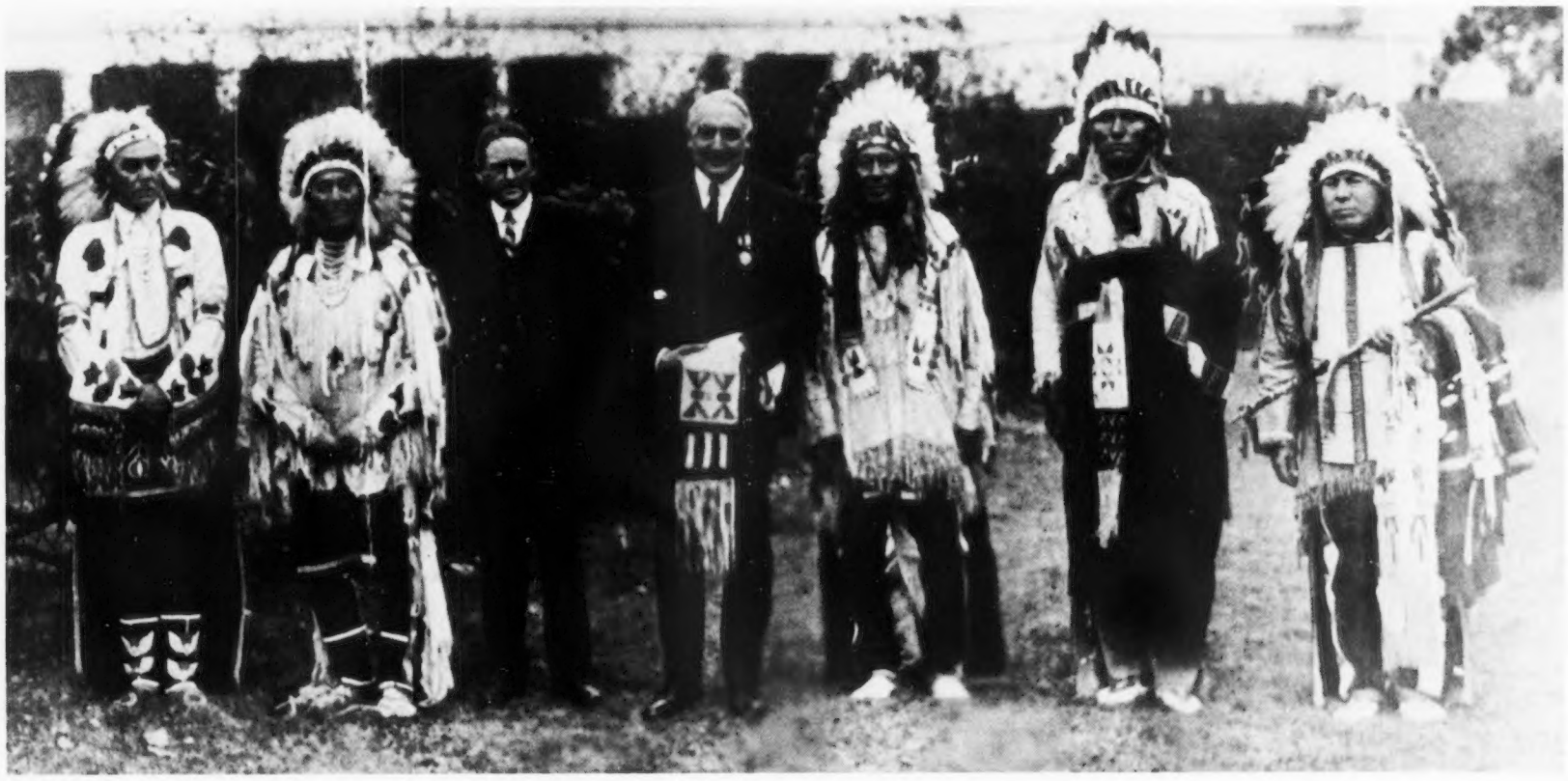

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